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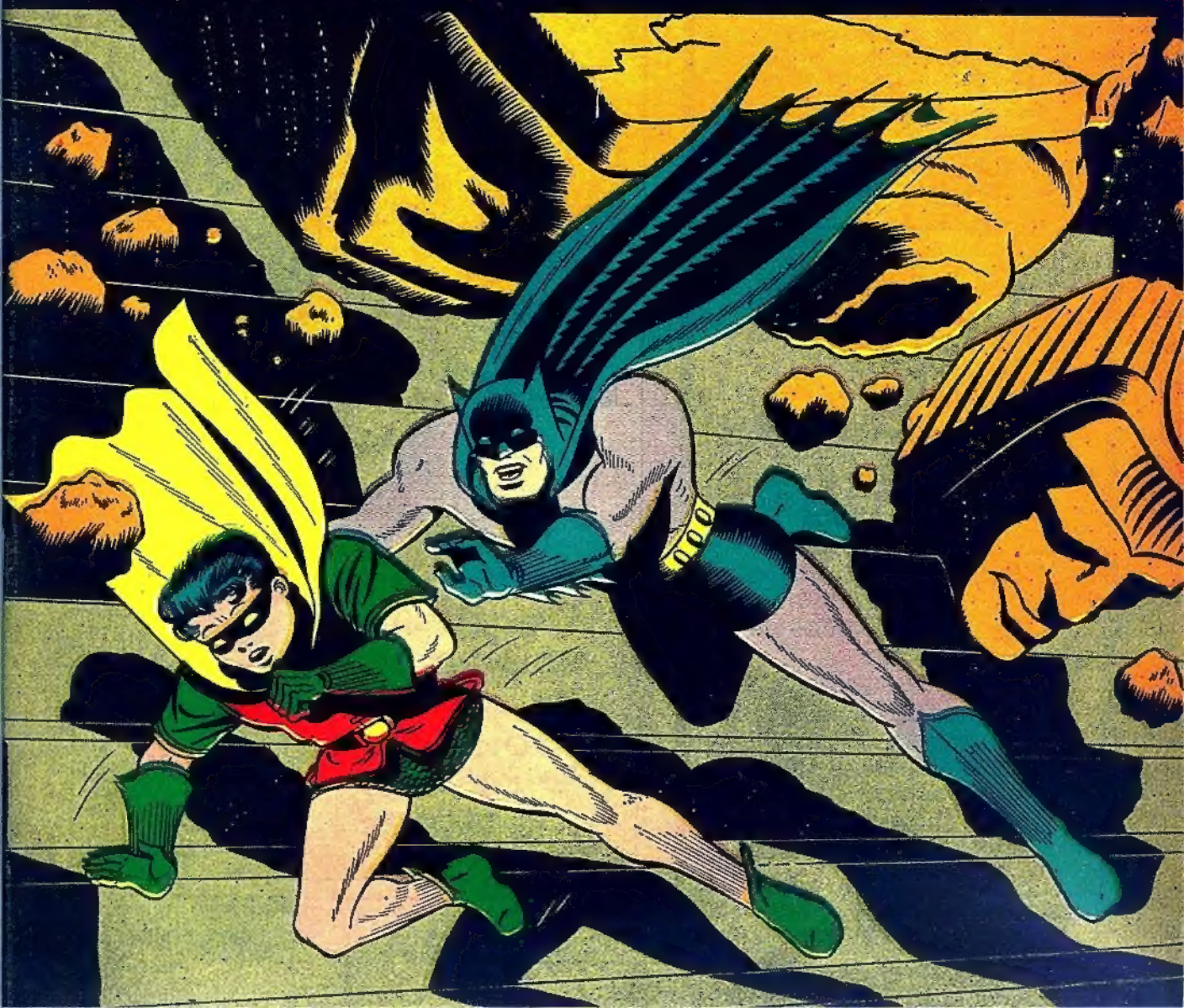
A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



The BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.





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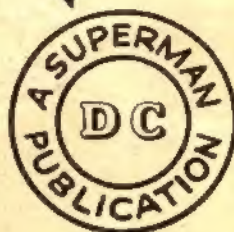
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

# WE LIKE TO THINK OF IT AS A MEDAL

— SORT OF!



THIS IS IT!  
— THE SYMBOL  
THAT GUARANTEES  
YOU THE BEST  
IN COMICS!  
LOOK FOR IT  
ON EVERY  
COVER!







# BAT MAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -



THIS IS THE STORY OF A MAN WITH GOOD INTENTIONS, WHO SOUGHT TO BEAR THE TROUBLES OF THE WORLD ON HIS FRAIL SHOULDERS. AND BECAUSE HE WAS WISE AND HAD THE GIFT OF INSIGHT INTO PEOPLE'S HEARTS, HE MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED. BUT UNFORTUNATELY, HE KNEW TOO LITTLE OF EVIL, SO THAT THE GOOD HE TRIED TO DO BROUGHT ONLY TRAGEDY TO THOSE HE WOULD HAVE AIDED. AND IN THE END, IT WAS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** WHOSE KEEN WITS AND BATTLING HEARTS SUCCEEDED IN UNRAVELLING THE TANGLE THAT FOLLOWED IN THE WAKE OF...

**"TROUBLE, INCORPORATED!"**

BOB  
KANE



GOATHAM UNIVERSITY... A GROUP OF STUDENTS ARE BIDDING FAREWELL TO A LITTLE APPLE-CHEEKED OLD MAN WHOSE CLEAR BLUE EYES HAVE ALREADY LOOKED ON THE PASSING OF SEVENTY SUMMERS...

ARE YOU REALLY LEAVING US, DEAN GRAY? WE'RE SURE GOING TO MISS YOUR ADVICE AND HELP.

UNFORTUNATELY, BOYS, THE RULES COMPEL A MAN OF MY AGE TO RETIRE...

A MONTH LATER... OUTSIDE AN OFFICE BUILDING IN DOWNTOWN GOATHAM...

AND I'M SICK OF THE SIGHT OF YOUR FACE!

I'M SICK OF YOUR NAGGING TONGUE!

NOBODY UNDERSTOOD A FELLOW'S TROUBLES THE WAY YOU DID. YOU HAD A REAL GIFT FOR IT.

WELL, MAYBE I'LL STILL BE ABLE TO HELP FOLKS WITH TROUBLES. I HAVE CERTAIN PLANS...

SEVERAL MINUTES PASS, AND THEN - BUT CAN THIS BE THE SAME COUPLE?

A FINE DAY FOR WALKING IN THE PARK, DEAR.

OH, AVERY, I'D LOVE TO.

THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY IS BEHIND THIS OFFICE DOOR...

FOR WITHIN THE OFFICE IS OUR OLD FRIEND THE DEAN.

SIT DOWN, MR. DELCOURT, AND TELL ME WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

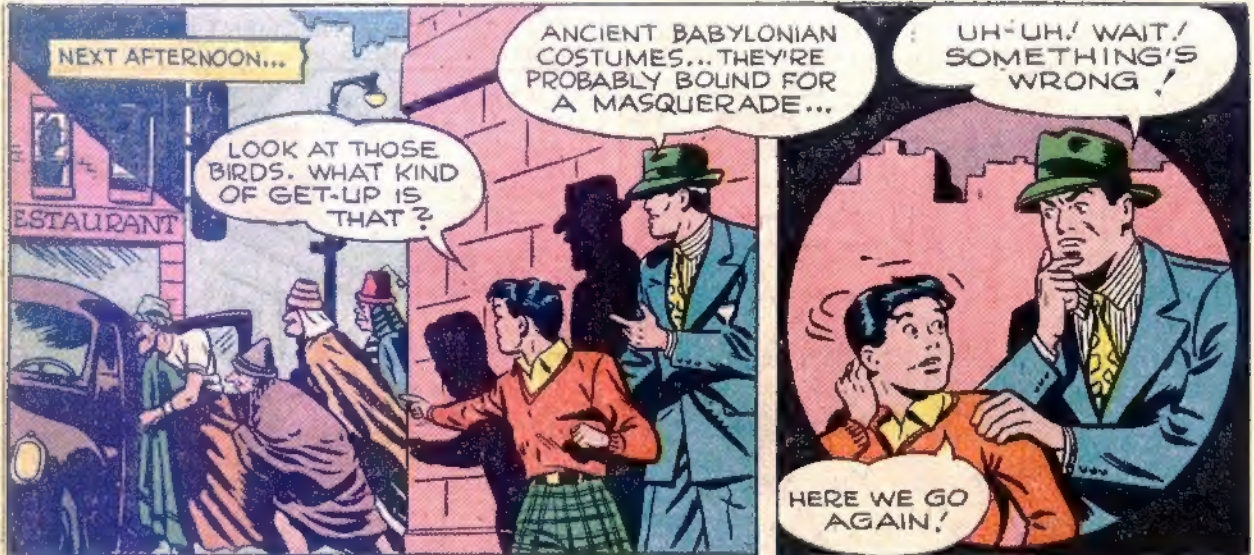
WELL, I WORK FOR A MOVIE STUDIO. YES-TERDAY, I PERSUADED MY SUPERIOR TO USE REAL GEMS IN A SEQUENCE WHERE WE'D USUALLY USE GLASS. YOU SEE, I NEEDED MONEY AND...

..I PLANNED TO STEAL THOSE GEMS TOMORROW. I REALIZE NOW THAT I CAN'T DO IT. BUT I WROTE A CHECK YESTERDAY, WITHOUT FUNDS IN THE BANK, AND NOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO COVER IT. AND THAT MEANS JAIL!

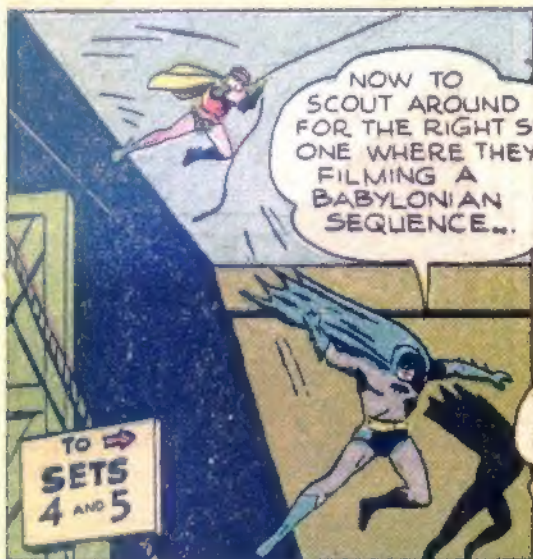




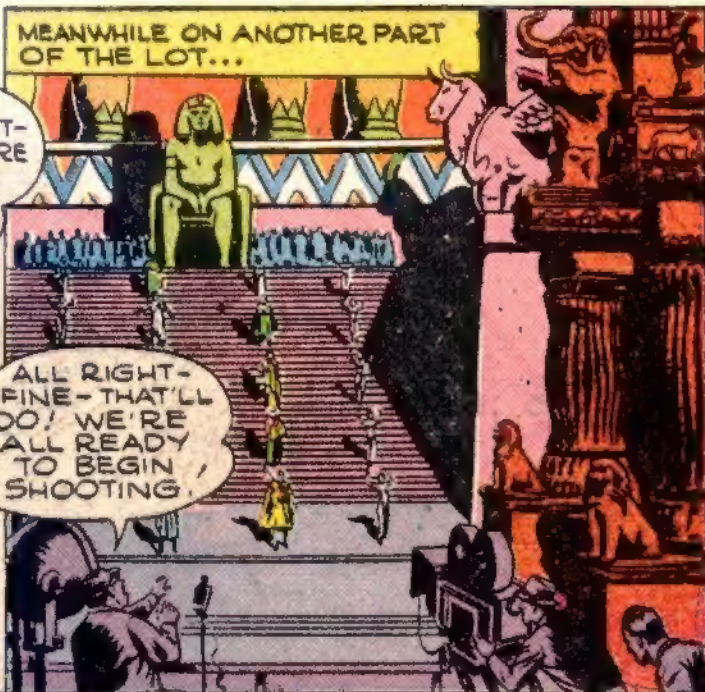








NOW TO SCOUT AROUND FOR THE RIGHT SET-ONE WHERE THEY'RE FILMING A BABYLONIAN SEQUENCE...



ALL RIGHT-FINE-THAT'LL DO! WE'RE ALL READY TO BEGIN SHOOTING!



BUT SUDDENLY...

WE'RE ALL READY TO BEGIN SHOOTIN', TOO - THE KIND THAT HURTS! SO HAND OVER THE SPARKLERS, OR ELSE!

I SAY- YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

A NEW TWIST- RATS! THE VILLAINS GET CAUGHT IN THE FIRST REEL!

SHADDUP YA PHONEY HERO!



IS THIS REAL ENOUGH FOR YOU?

OUCH!



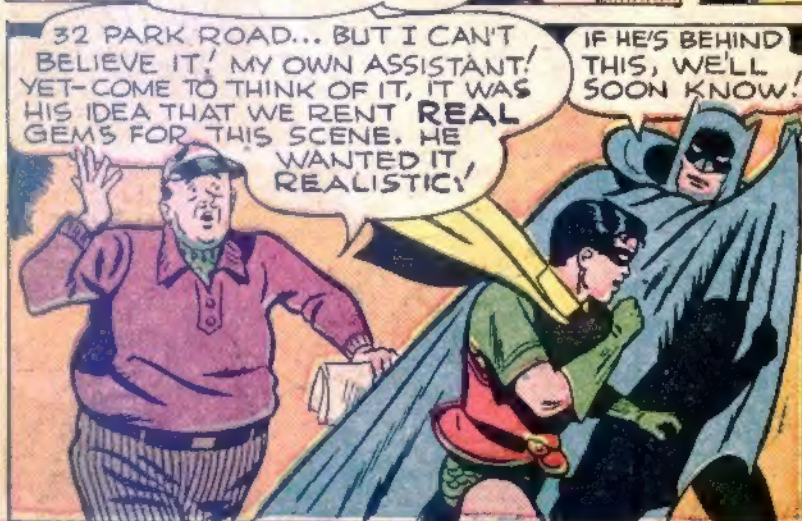
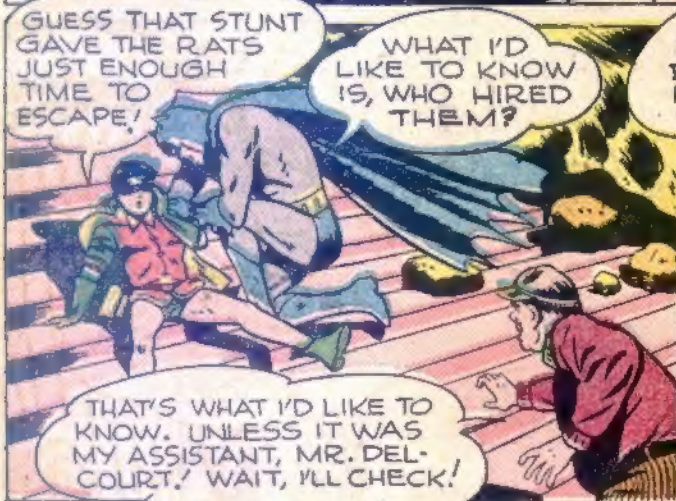
BATMAN AND ROBIN! BUT THEY CAN'T BE THE REAL ONES! THEY MUST BE MOVIE ACTORS!



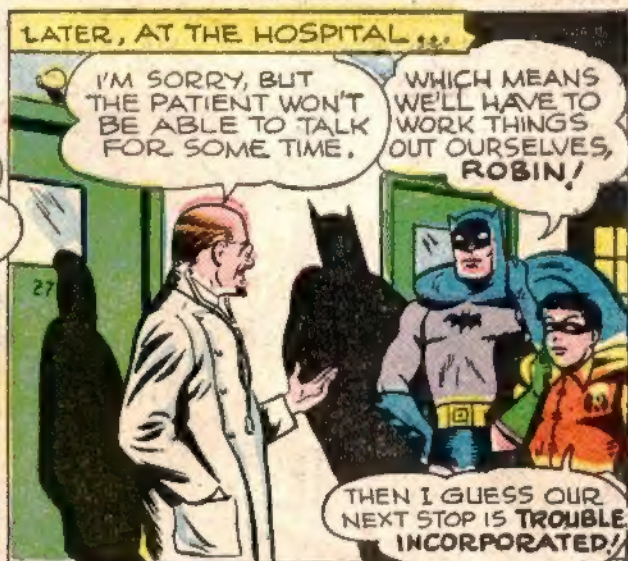
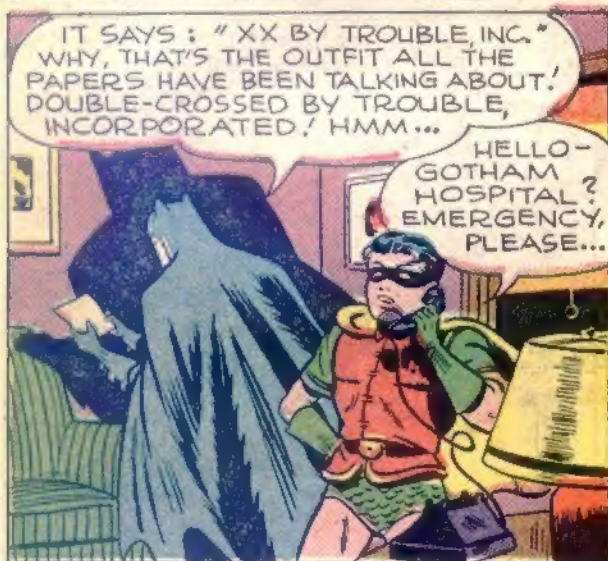
OOF!

YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT THIS PICTURE IS GOING TO BE FULL OF STARS!

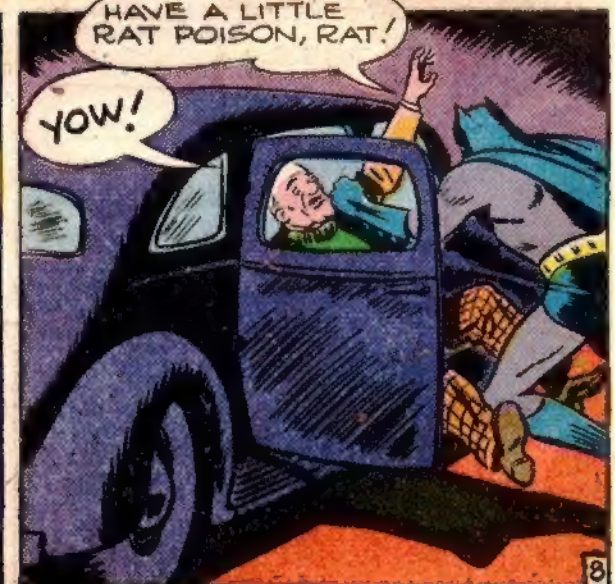
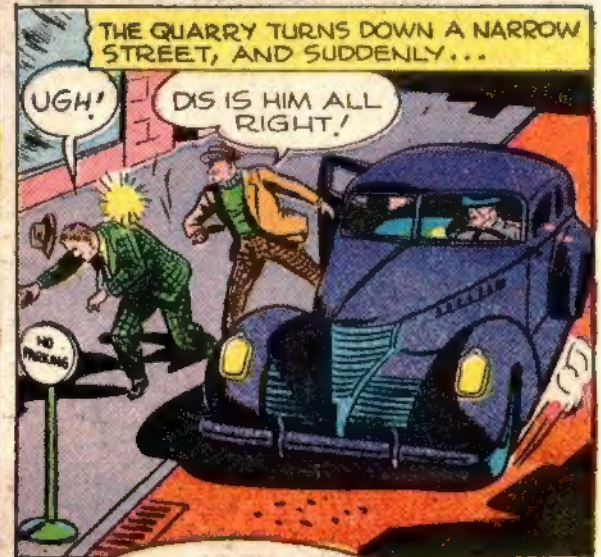
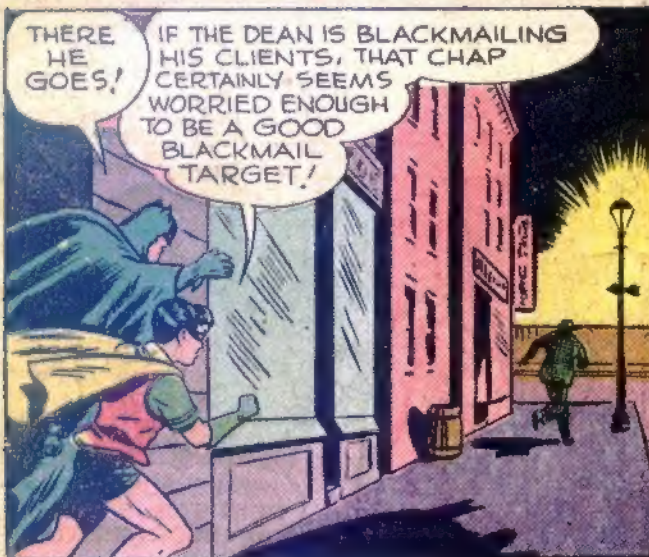




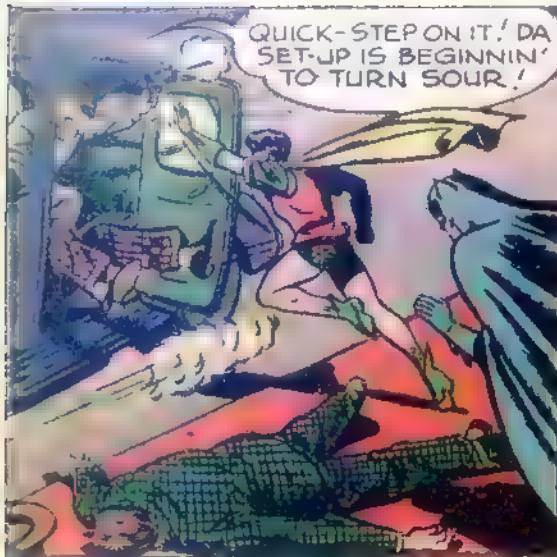




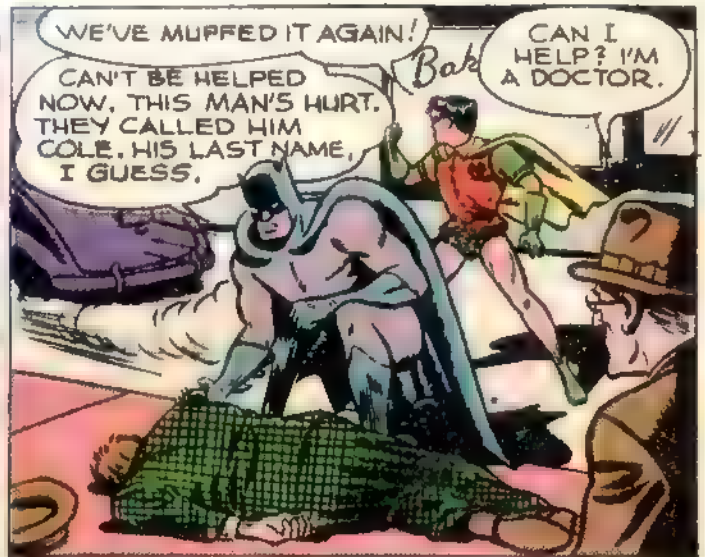






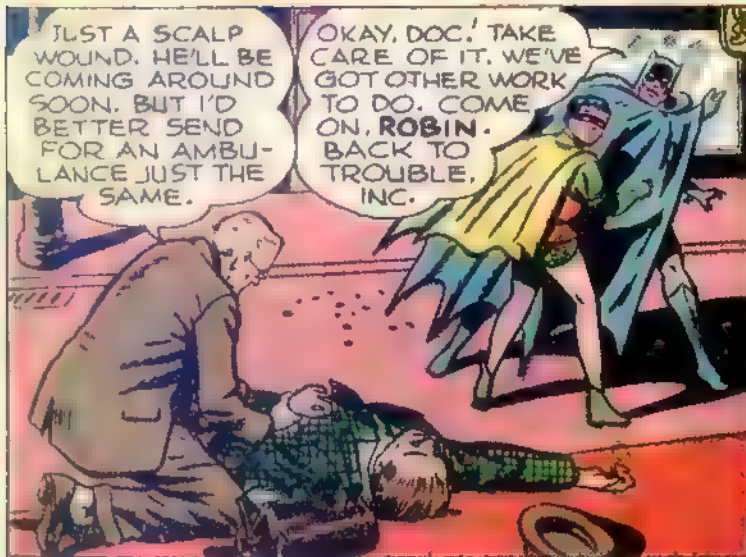


QUICK-STEP ON IT! DA SET-UP IS BEGINNIN' TO TURN SOUR!



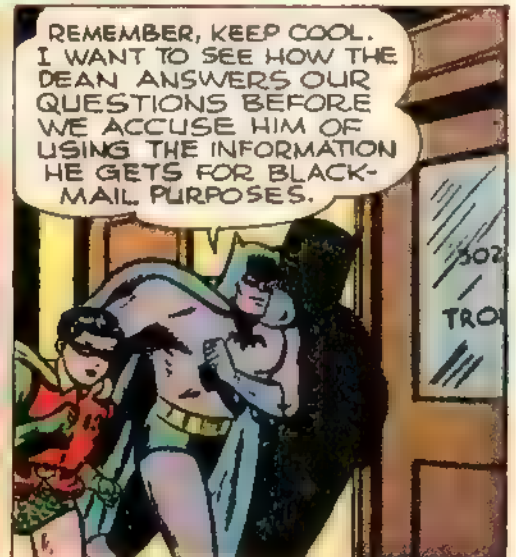
WE'VE MUFFED IT AGAIN!  
CAN'T BE HELPED NOW. THIS MAN'S HURT. THEY CALLED HIM COLE. HIS LAST NAME, I GUESS.

CAN I HELP? I'M A DOCTOR.

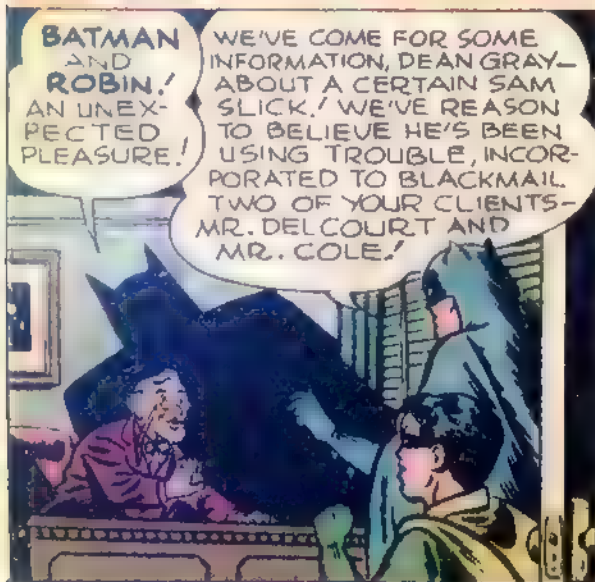


JUST A SCALP WOUND. HE'LL BE COMING AROUND SOON. BUT I'D BETTER SEND FOR AN AMBULANCE JUST THE SAME.

OKAY, DOC! TAKE CARE OF IT. WE'VE GOT OTHER WORK TO DO. COME ON, ROBIN. BACK TO TROUBLE, INC.

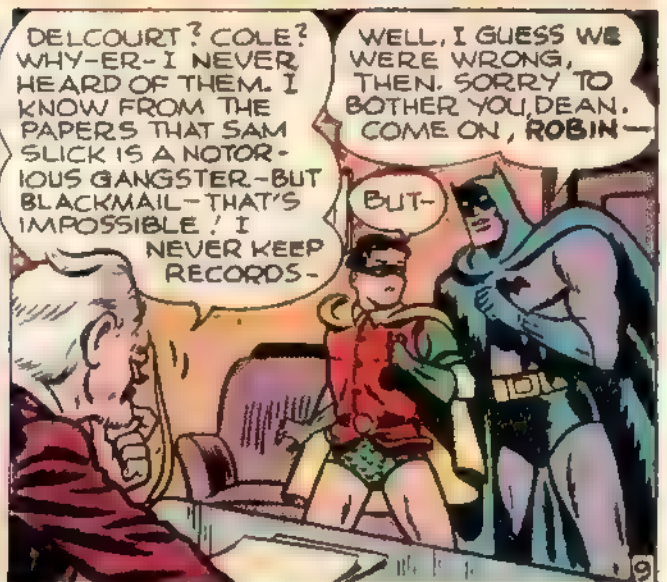


REMEMBER, KEEP COOL. I WANT TO SEE HOW THE DEAN ANSWERS OUR QUESTIONS BEFORE WE ACCUSE HIM OF USING THE INFORMATION HE GETS FOR BLACK-MAIL PURPOSES.



BATMAN AND ROBIN! AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!

WE'VE COME FOR SOME INFORMATION, DEAN GRAY-ABOUT A CERTAIN SAM SLICK. WE'VE REASON TO BELIEVE HE'S BEEN USING TROUBLE, INCORPORATED TO BLACKMAIL TWO OF YOUR CLIENTS-MR. DELCOURT AND MR. COLE.

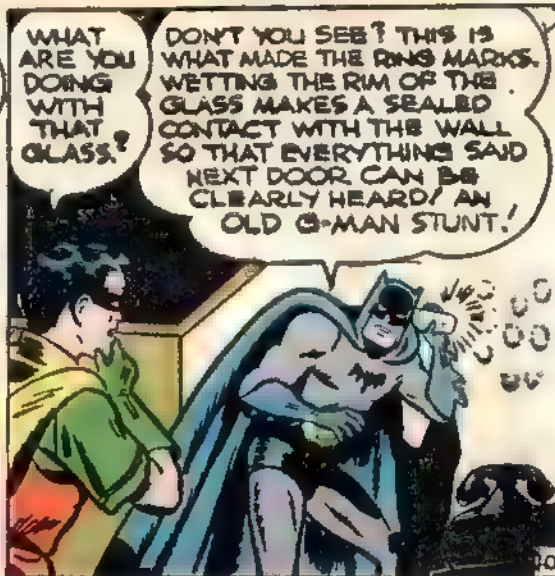
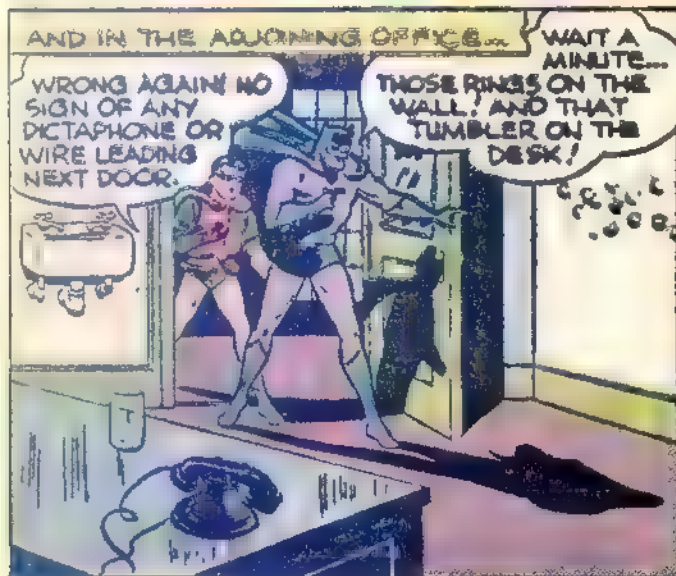
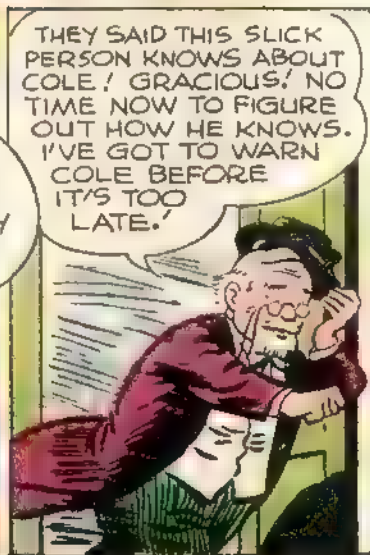
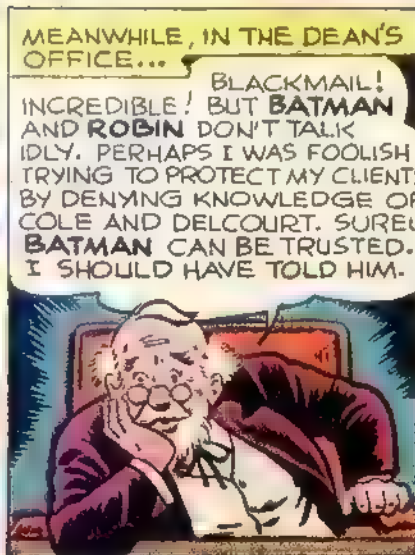
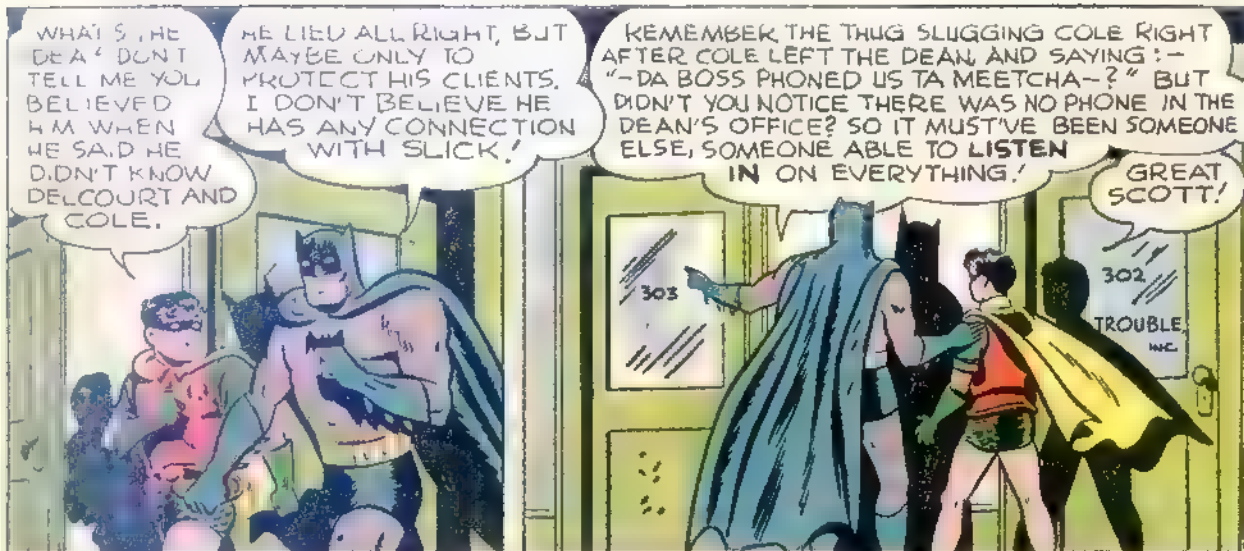


DELCOURT? COLE? WHY-ER-I NEVER HEARD OF THEM. I KNOW FROM THE PAPERS THAT SAM SLICK IS A NOTORIOUS GANGSTER-BUT BLACKMAIL-THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I NEVER KEEP RECORDS-

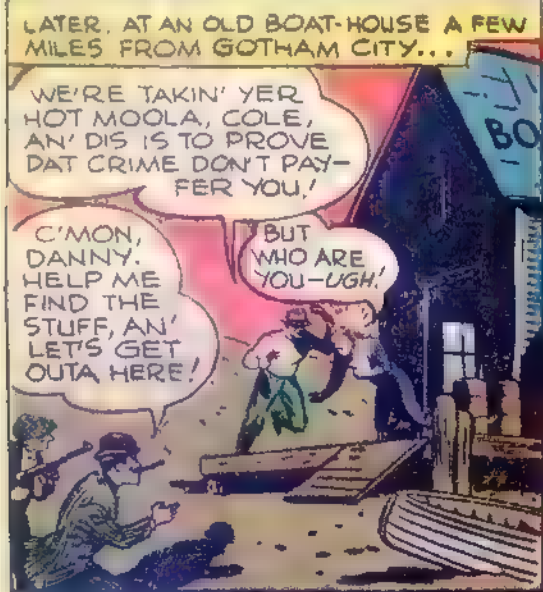
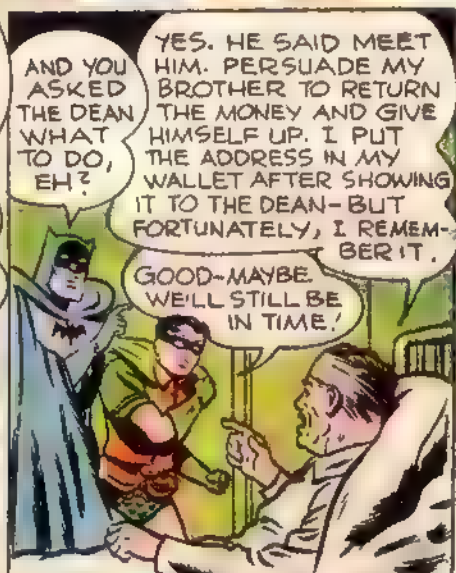
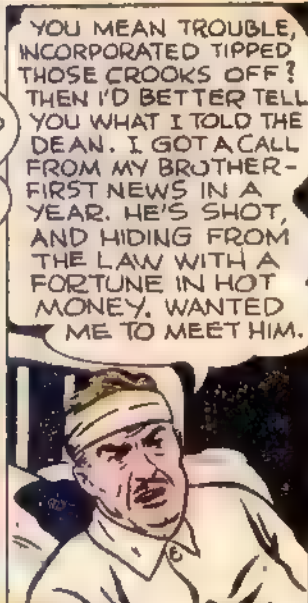
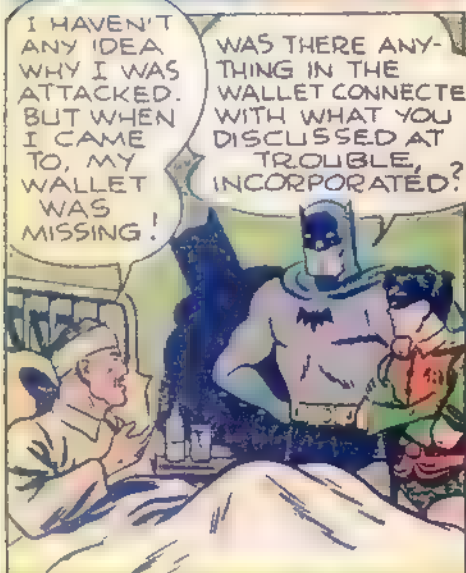
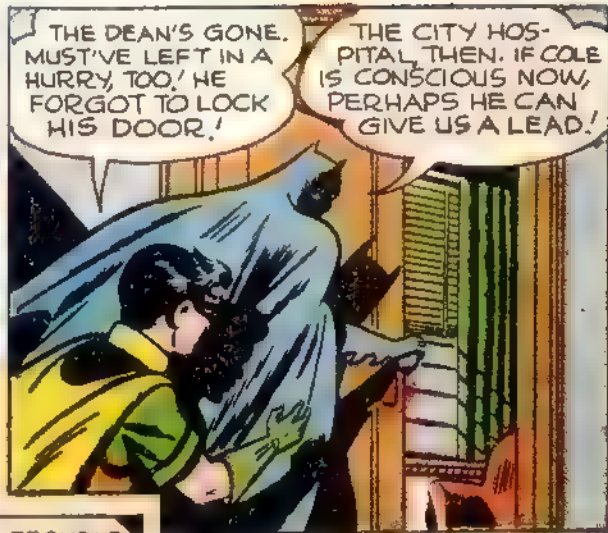
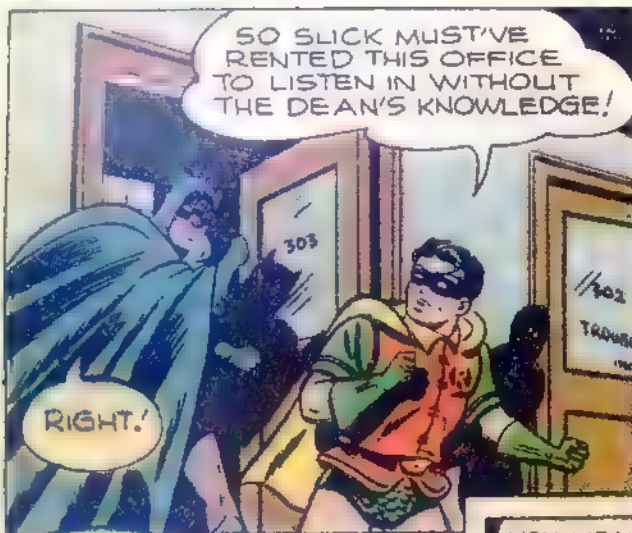
WELL, I GUESS WE WERE WRONG, THEN. SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, DEAN. COME ON, ROBIN-

BUT-

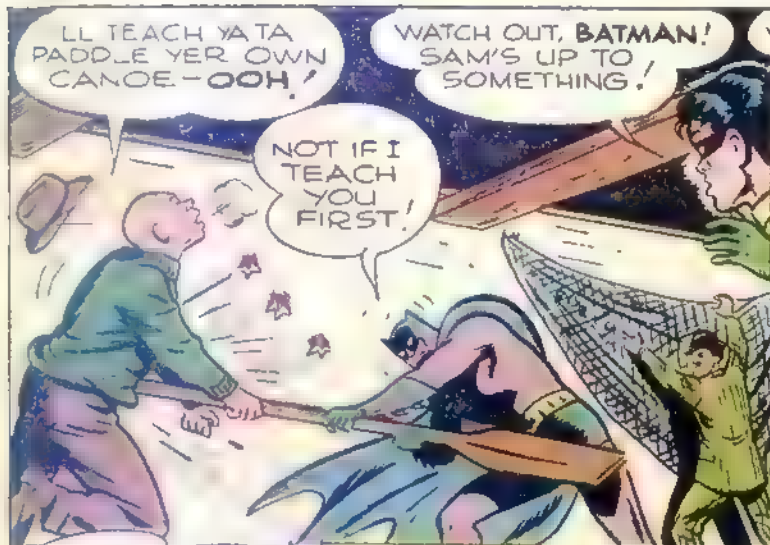












LL TEACH YATA PADDLE YER OWN CANOE—OOH!

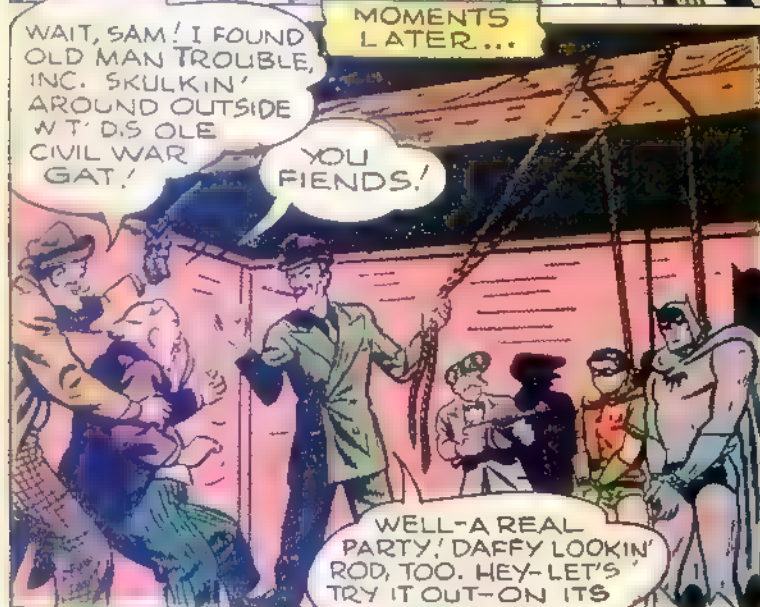
WATCH OUT, BATMAN! SAM'S UP TO SOMETHING!

NOT IF I TEACH YOU FIRST!



WHAT A CATCH, SAM! DAT'S SOME FISHIN'!

YEAH—AIN'T IT? BUT NIX ON DA CHOPPER! I GOT A BETTER IDEA. SUMP'N DAT'LL BE MORE ENTERTAININ'!

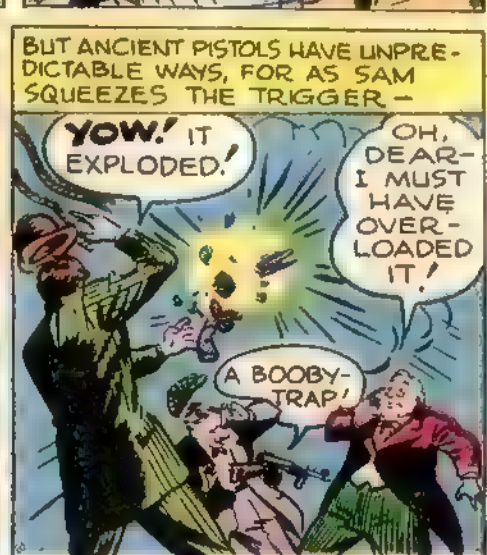


WAIT, SAM! I FOUND OLD MAN TROUBLE, INC. SKULKIN' AROUND OUTSIDE W.T.'S OLE CIVIL WAR GAT!

MOMENTS LATER...

YOU FIENDS!

WELL—A REAL PARTY! DAFFY LOOKIN' ROD, TOO. HEY—LET'S TRY IT OUT—ON ITS OWNER!

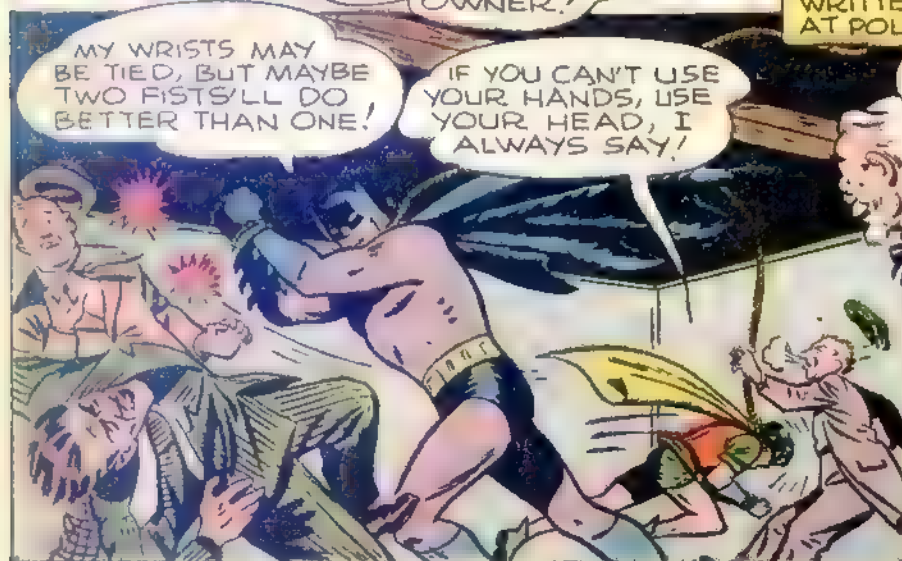


YOW! IT EXPLODED!

OH, DEAR—I MUST HAVE OVER-LOADED IT!

A BOOBY-TRAP!

SO—A SMASHING FINISH IS WRITTEN TO CRIME, AND LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



MY WRISTS MAY BE TIED, BUT MAYBE TWO FISTS'LL DO BETTER THAN ONE!

IF YOU CAN'T USE YOUR HANDS, USE YOUR HEAD, I ALWAYS SAY!

WELL, DEAN—THAT OLD GUN OF YOURS CERTAINLY SAVED US.

YES—AND AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE TROUBLE, INC. STARTED, I'VE DECIDED TO WRITE A BOOK ON HOW TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE!





**S**MART IDEA TO BUILD YOUR BREAKFAST LINE-UP AROUND LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WIDELY KNOWN ESSENTIAL WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT IN EASY-TO-EAT FORM...THAT'S WHEATIES. BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED GOLDEN BROWN. TOASTED CRISPY FRESH. FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH MELLOW, MALT-SWEET SYRUP.

NO WONDER THOSE GOOD-EATING, SWELL-TASTING WHEATIES ARE A FAVORITE WITH MANY OF THE BIG-LEAGUE'S TOP STARS. NO WONDER WHEATIES ARE SURE TO MAKE A BIG HIT WITH YOU, TOO.



LEAD OFF WITH A BIG BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES - TOMORROW AND EVERY MORNING!



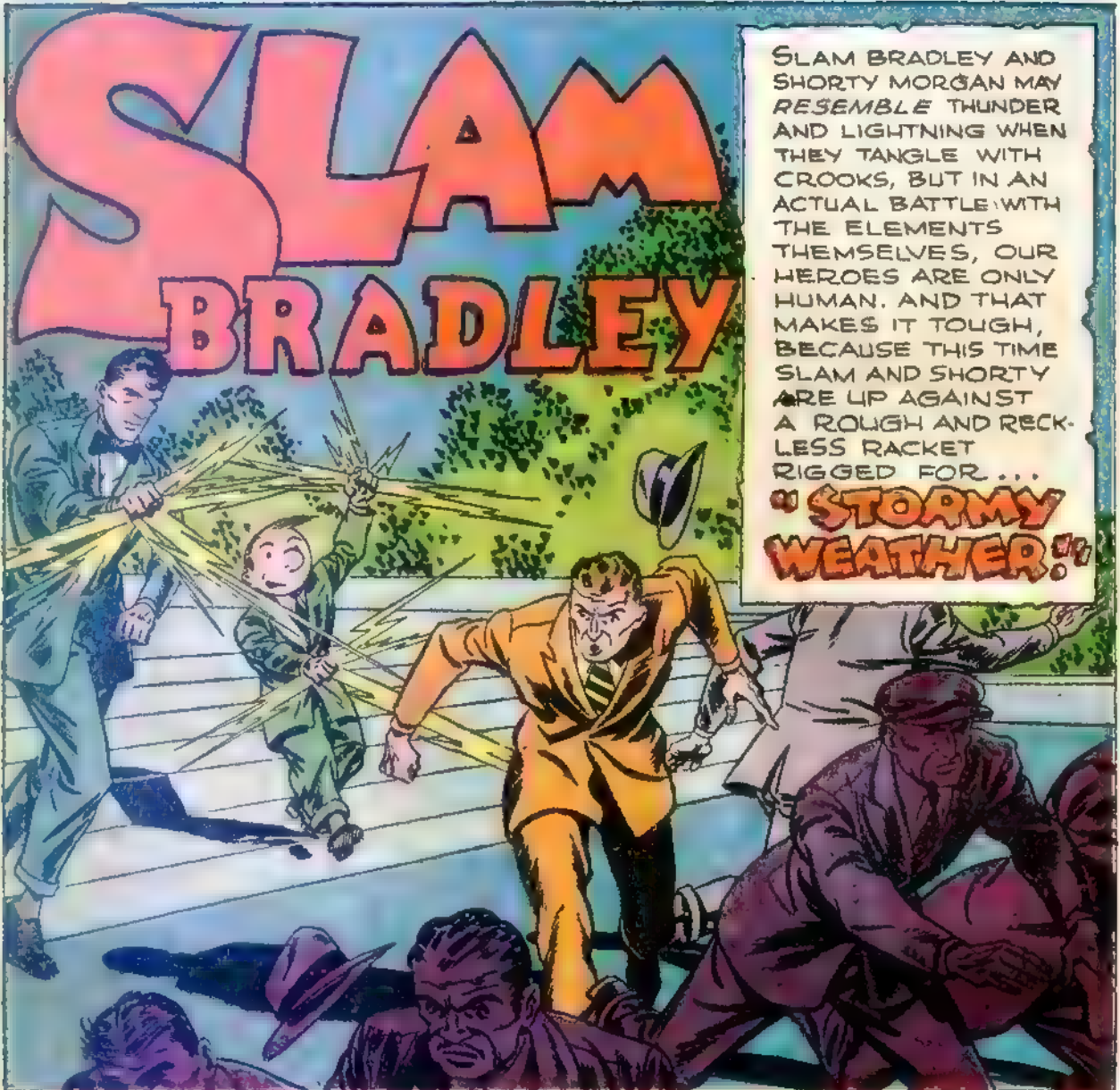
**"WHEATIES  
BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



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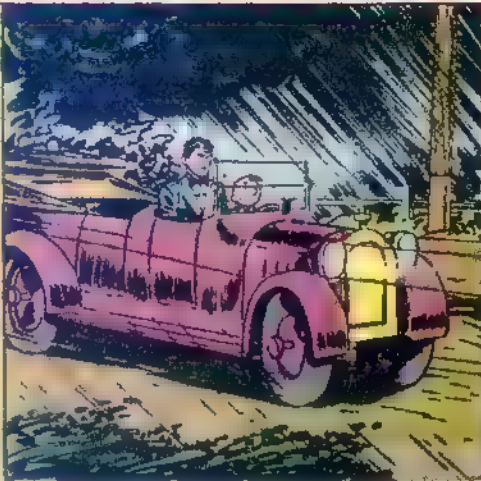




SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN MAY RESEMBLE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING WHEN THEY TANGLE WITH CROOKS, BUT IN AN ACTUAL BATTLE WITH THE ELEMENTS THEMSELVES, OUR HEROES ARE ONLY HUMAN. AND THAT MAKES IT TOUGH, BECAUSE THIS TIME SLAM AND SHORTY ARE UP AGAINST A ROUGH AND RECKLESS RACKET RIGGED FOR...

**"STORMY WEATHER!"**

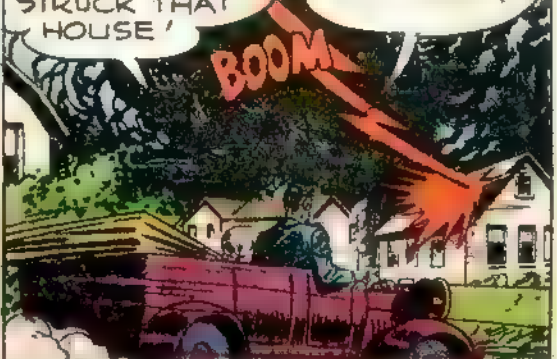
IT'S A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT, AS SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN DRIVE CAUTIOUSLY HOMEWARD THROUGH THE CITY'S SLURBS...



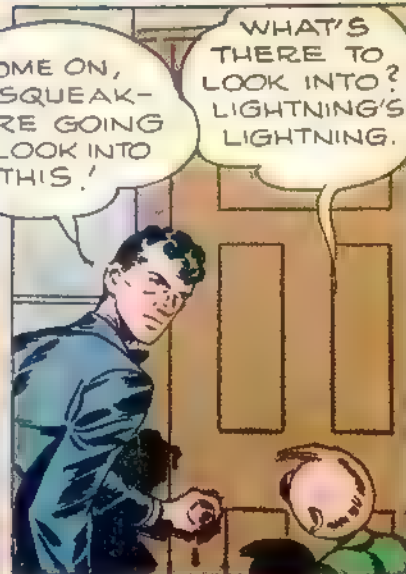
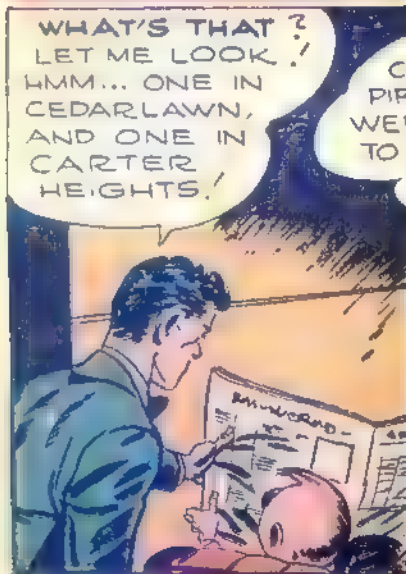
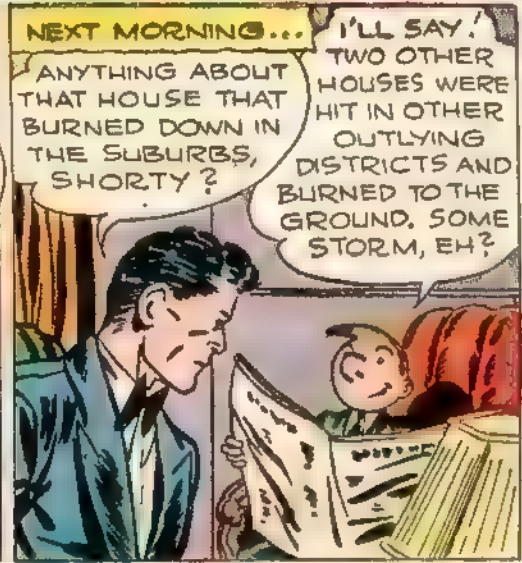
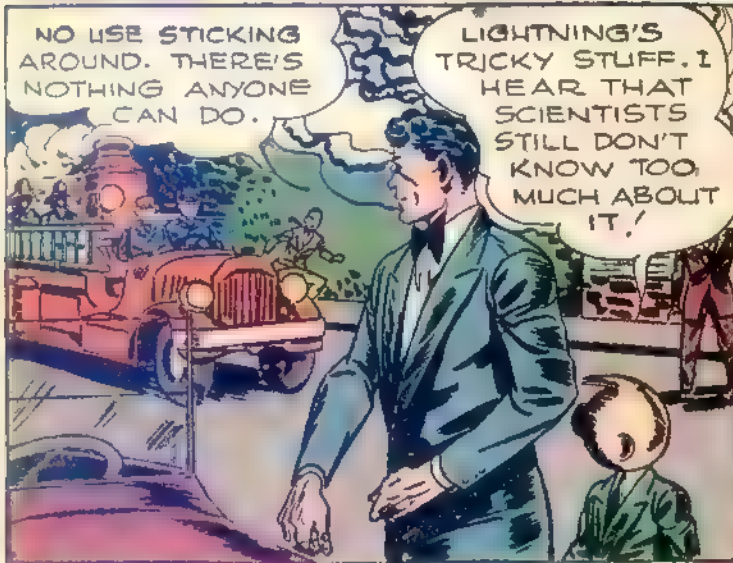
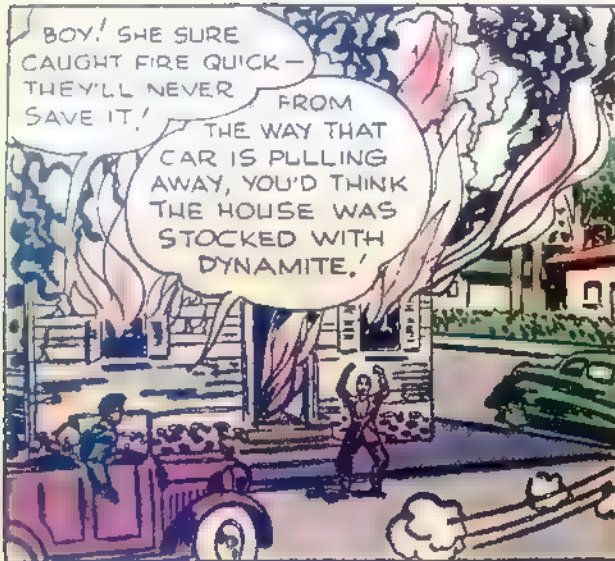
SUDDENLY...

'WOW!' LOOKS LIKE LIGHTNING STRUCK THAT HOUSE!

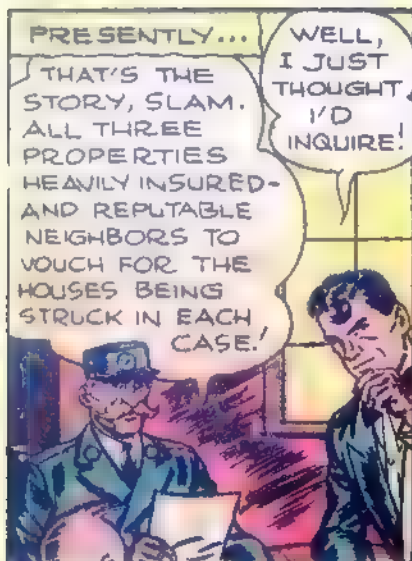
AND FIRE STATIONS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN OUT HERE!







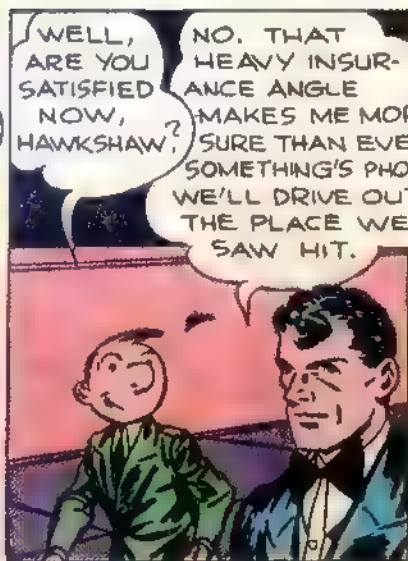




PRESENTLY...

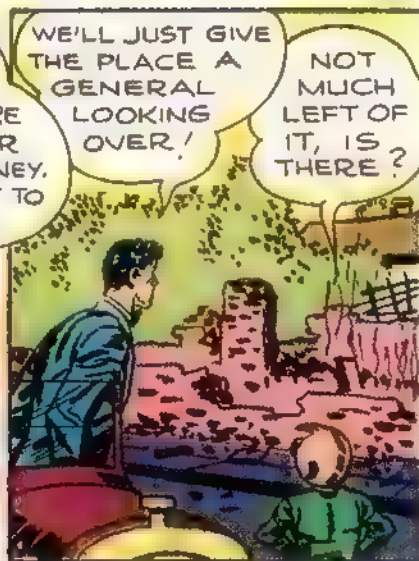
THAT'S THE STORY, SLAM. ALL THREE PROPERTIES HEAVILY INSURED- AND REPUTABLE NEIGHBORS TO VOUCH FOR THE HOUSES BEING STRUCK IN EACH CASE!

WELL, I JUST THOUGHT I'D INQUIRE!



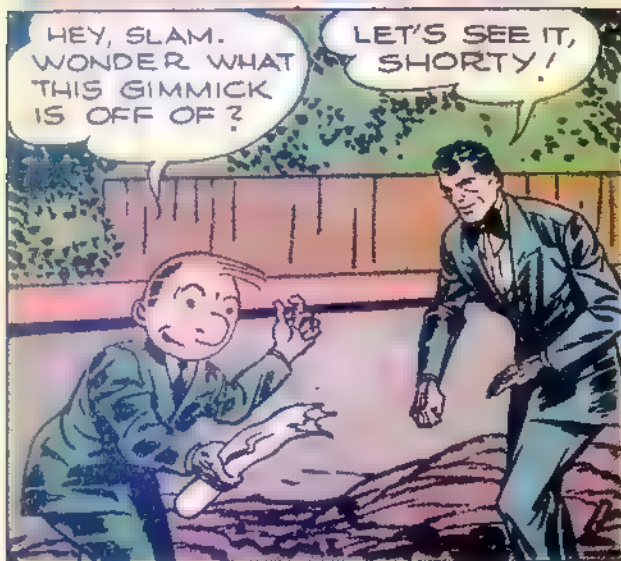
WELL, ARE YOU SATISFIED NOW, HAWKSHAW?

NO. THAT HEAVY INSURANCE ANGLE MAKES ME MORE SURE THAN EVER SOMETHING'S PHONEY. WE'LL DRIVE OUT TO THE PLACE WE SAW HIT.



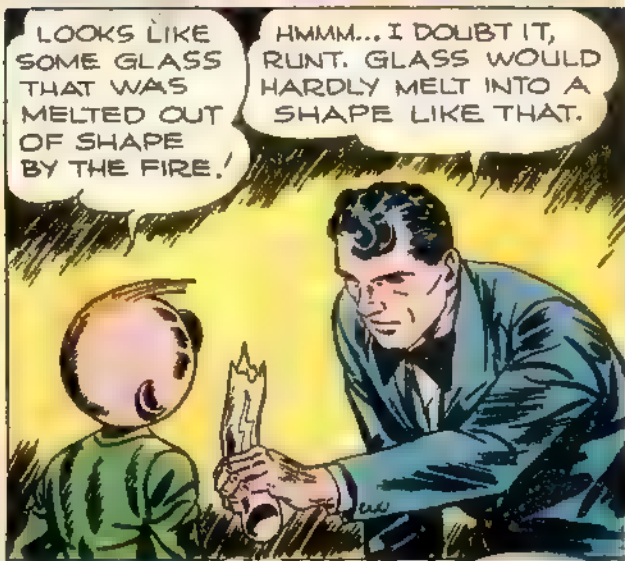
WE'LL JUST GIVE THE PLACE A GENERAL LOOKING OVER!

NOT MUCH LEFT OF IT, IS THERE?



HEY, SLAM. WONDER WHAT THIS GIMMICK IS OFF OF?

LET'S SEE IT, SHORTY!



LOOKS LIKE SOME GLASS THAT WAS MELTED OUT OF SHAPE BY THE FIRE!

HMMM... I DOUBT IT, RUNT. GLASS WOULD HARDLY MELT INTO A SHAPE LIKE THAT.

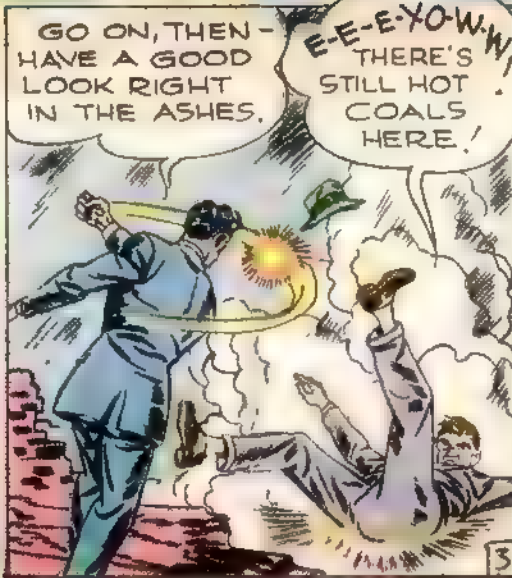


UNEXPECTEDLY...

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A...

NEVER MIND WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, BUTTINSKY!

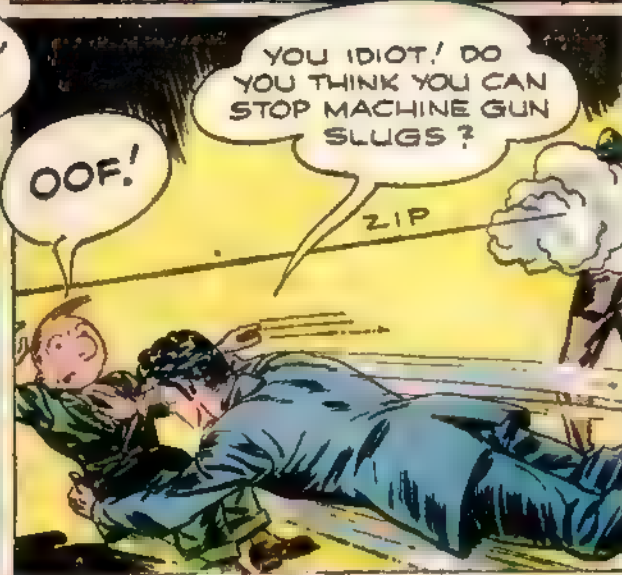
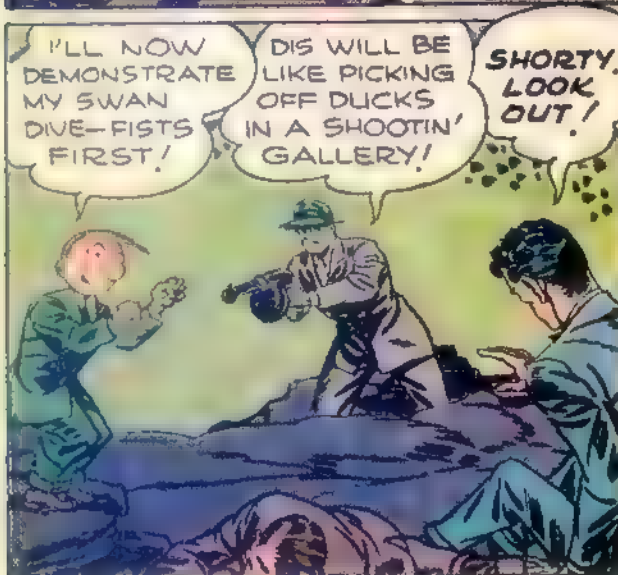
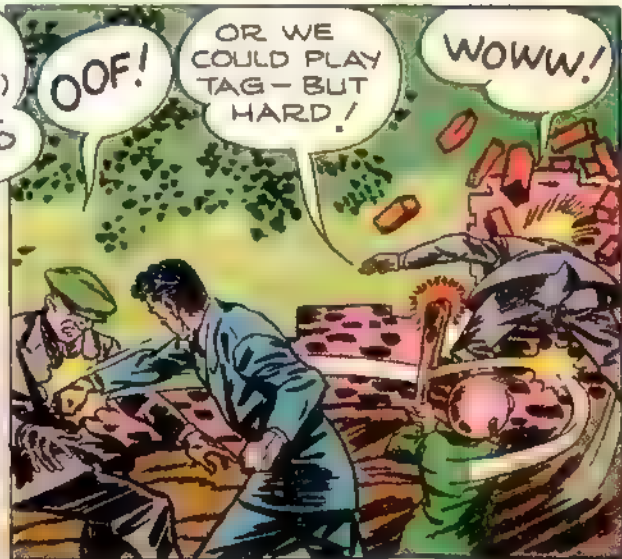
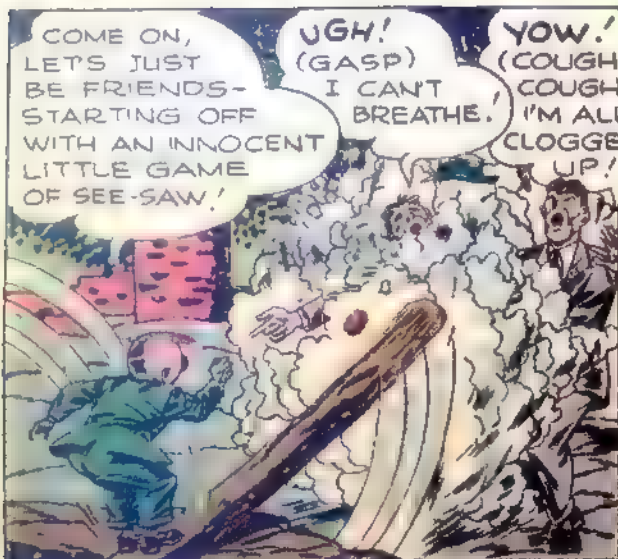
I TOLD YUH, YUH SHOULD'VE LOOKED FER ALL THE PIECES LAST NIGHT, ZIGGY!



GO ON, THEN- HAVE A GOOD LOOK RIGHT IN THE ASHES.

E-E-E-YOW! THERE'S STILL HOT COALS HERE!





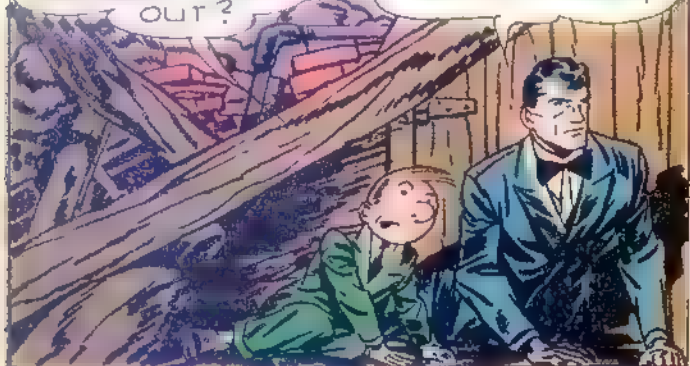




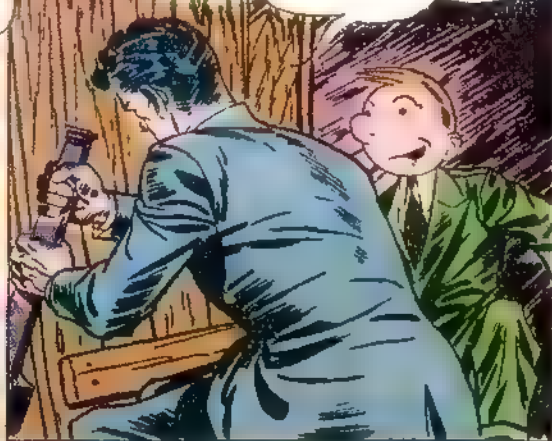
BUT BENEATH THE PILED DEBRIS...

"WHEW! LUCKY THOSE CAVED-IN TIMBERS SHELTERED US! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT?"

"EASY—THOSE HOOD-LUMS WERE JUST DUMB ENOUGH TO LEAVE US RIGHT AGAINST THE CELLAR DOOR!"



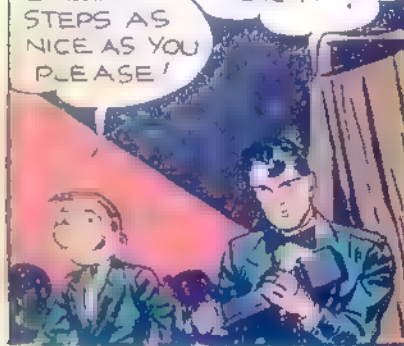
AND THIS SCORCHED PIANO LEG WILL PRY IT OPEN IN A JIFFY!



SWIFT SECONDS LATER...

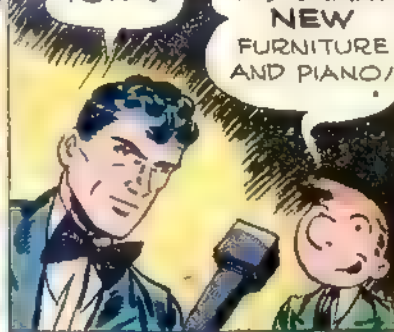
BOY, WHAT LUCK! HERE WE ARE, WALKING UP THE CELLAR STEPS AS NICE AS YOU PLEASE!

THANKS TO THIS PIANO LEG! HEY... WHAT'S THIS CHALK WRITING ON IT?



WHY, IT SAYS "HORTS!" AND HORTS IS THE CHEAPEST SECOND-HAND FURNITURE DEALER IN TOWN.

AND THE OWNER OF THIS PLACE WAS HOLLERING ABOUT HIS BRAND NEW FURNITURE AND PIANO!



A FINE RACKET—INSURE BRAND NEW FURNITURE, THEN SWITCH IT FOR JUNK. BUT HOW COULD THEY START. LIGHTNING-FIRES JUST WHEN THEY PLEASED?

MAYBE THAT BROKEN GLASS TUBE IS THE ANSWER. THOSE THUGS SEEMED PRETTY MUCH CONCERNED OVER IT. RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, LET'S CHECK WITH HORTS.



BACK IN THE CITY...

YES, I REMEMBER THE DESIGN OF THAT PIANO LEG—SOLD THE PIANO AND A LOT OF OTHER JUNKY STUFF FOR PRACTICALLY NOTHING TO SOME TOUGH-LOOKING BABIES. I THINK I HAVE THE ADDRESS IN MY BOOKS.

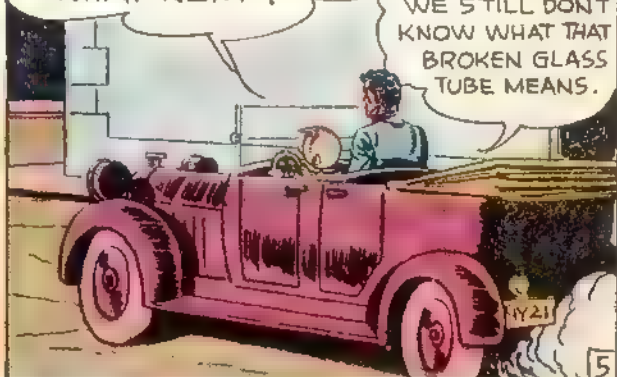
TROT IT OUT, AND WE WON'T FORGET THE FAVOR!



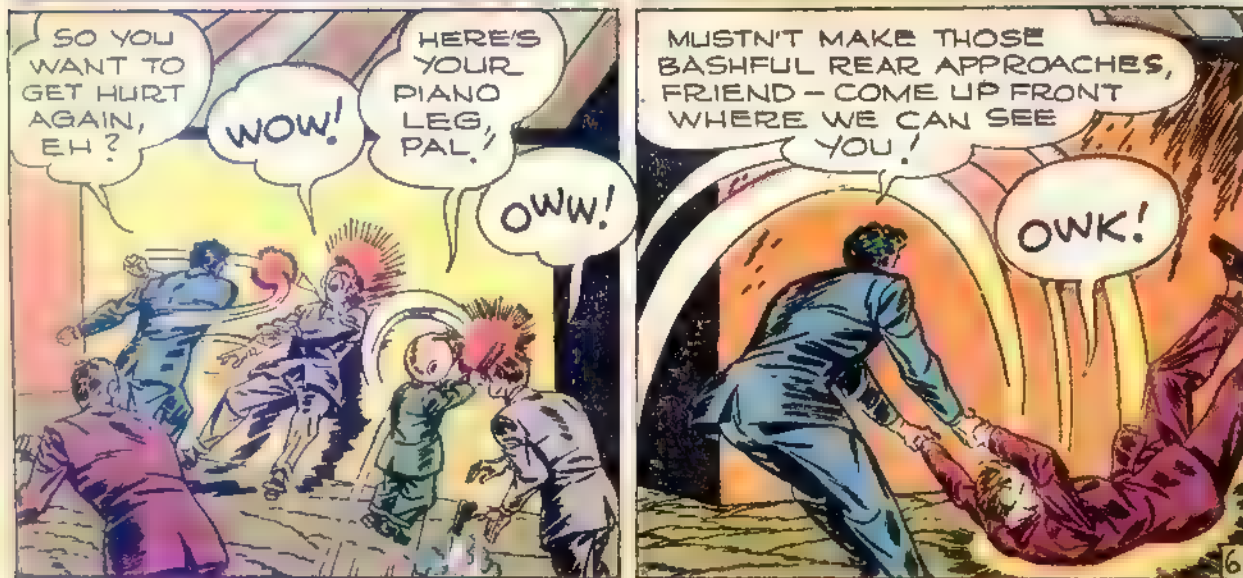
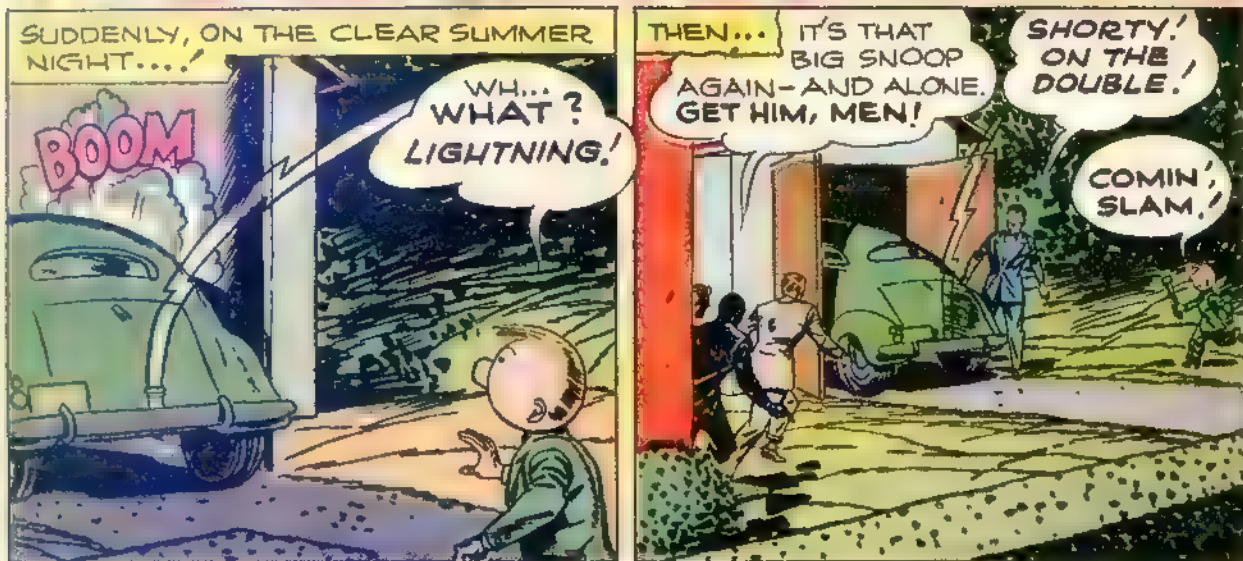
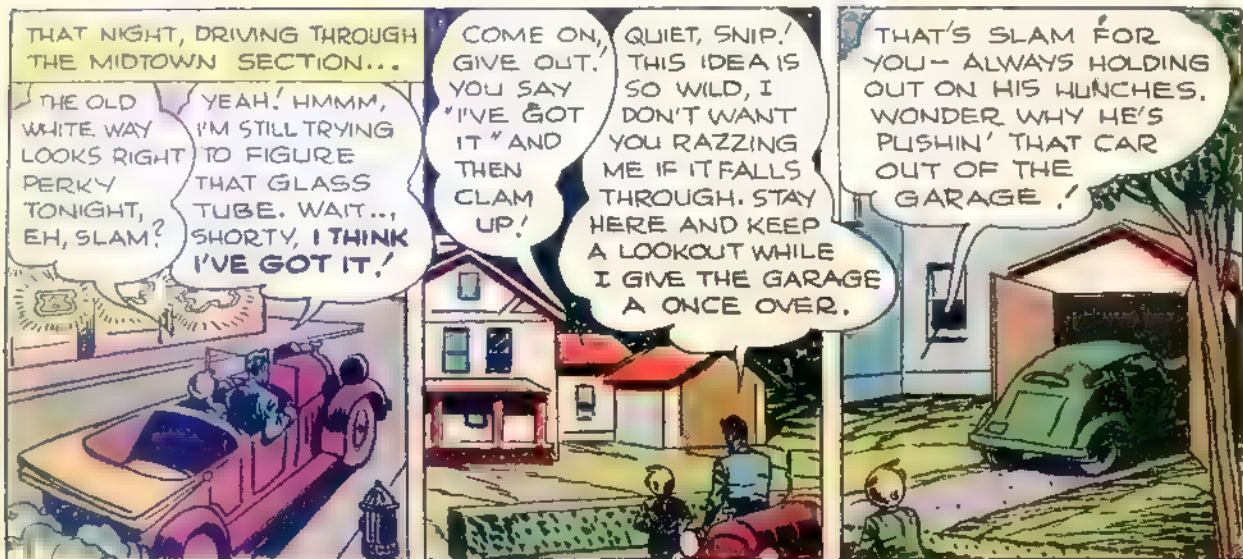
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WELL, HE GAVE US THE NAME AND ADDRESS—COLTER, ON DELHAM PARKWAY—WHAT NEXT?

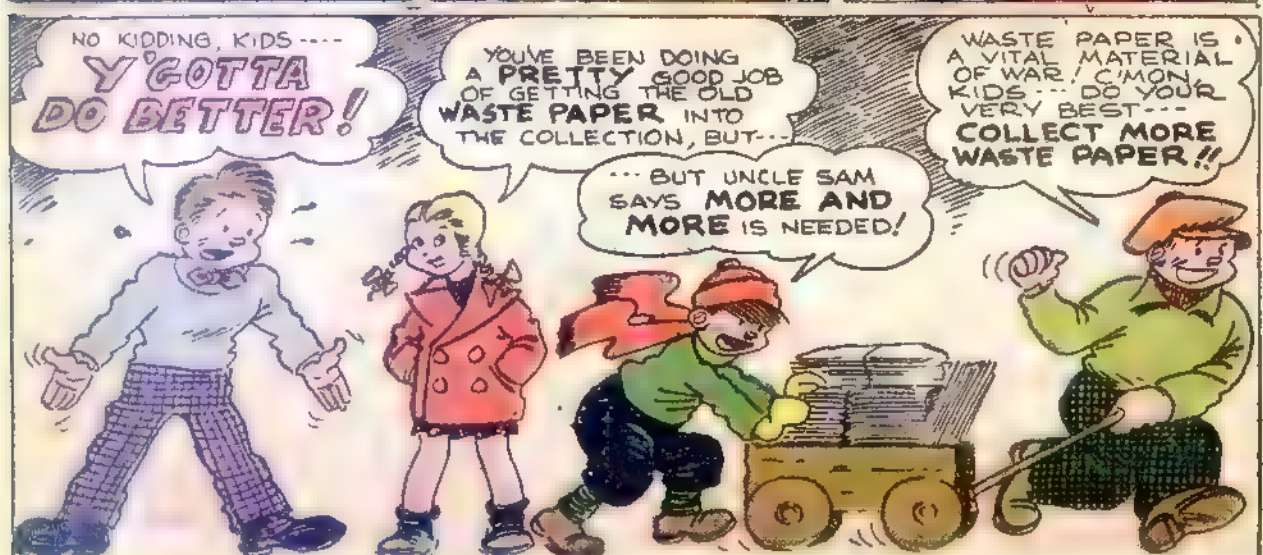
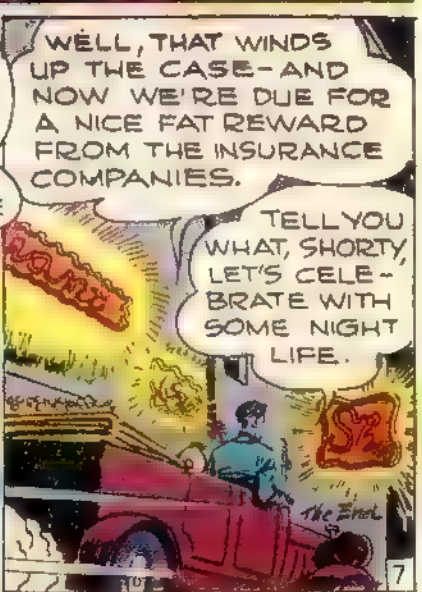
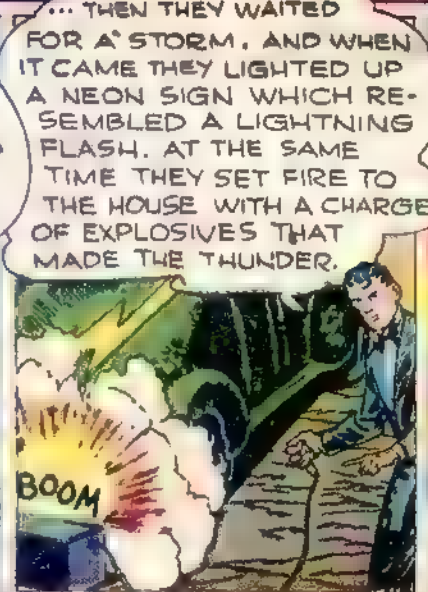
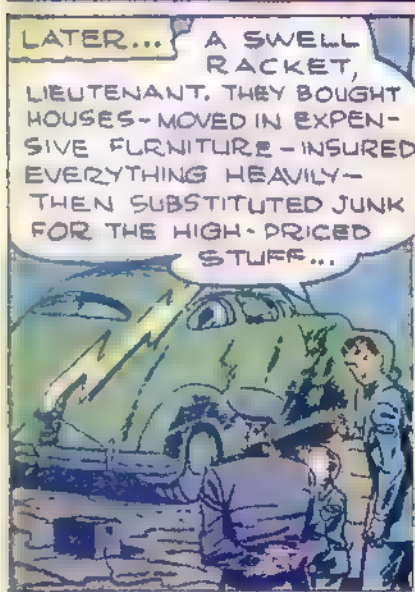
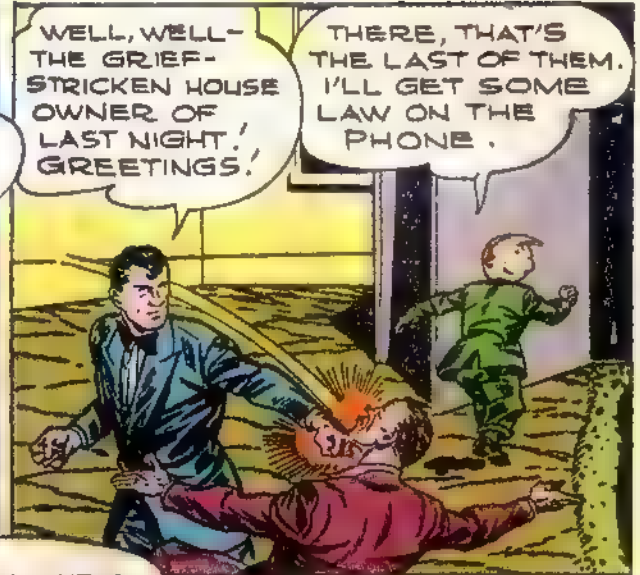
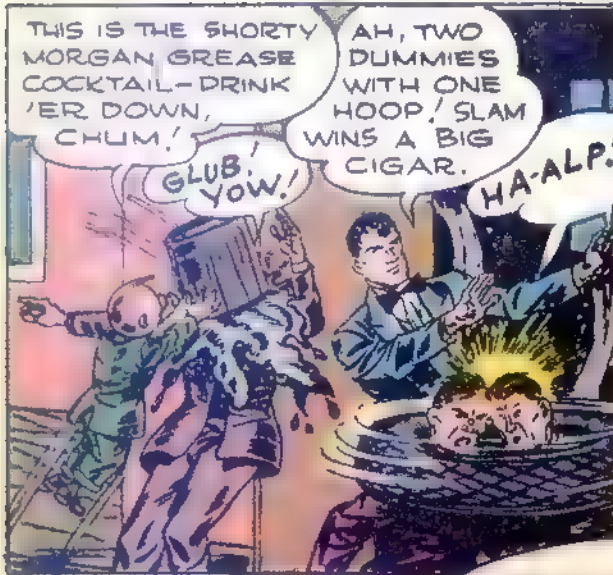
WE'LL GO OUT THERE AND SCOUT AROUND—TONIGHT! HOWEVER, WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT BROKEN GLASS TUBE MEANS.













# Hey Look! Keen Prizes For You!



## THRILLING MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

**One in Every Package of PEP**

Don't wait until the gang sees you with these **PRIZE** military buttons! They'll all want to start swapping with you. So start collecting these grand prizes now — there's one in every package of Kellogg's PEP.

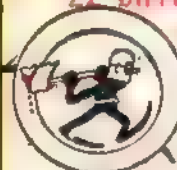
Every button is an exact full-color reproduction of real military insignia. Made of *metal* and authentic in every detail. And boy, are they on the beam for pinning to jackets, sweaters and beanies! Get the full set of 22 different buttons!

They're easy as pie to get.

Nothing to mail or send in. Just ask your Mom to buy Kellogg's PEP, open the package, and there's your military button! What beauty!

Be sure to tell your Mom how good PEP is! You know — real tasty and crispy wheat flakes — made by Kellogg's! Made extra good too — with extra amounts of energy vitamin B, and sunshine vitamin D — to help give "what it takes." So — for your exciting military buttons and your favorite breakfast — have Mom buy a package of PEP today!

**22 DIFFERENT AUTHENTIC  
DESIGNS! Get 'em all!**



25th  
Bombardment  
Squadron  
(ACTUAL SIZE)



385th  
Bombardment  
Squadron



424th  
Bombardment  
Squadron



99th  
Bombardment  
Squadron



17th  
Bombardment  
Squadron



34th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

41st  
Bombardment  
Squadron

27th  
Fighter  
Squadron

44th  
Fighter  
Squadron

53rd  
Bombardment  
Squadron

94th  
Pursuit  
Squadron

56th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

96th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

2nd  
Bombardment  
Squadron

431st  
Bombardment  
Squadron

78th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

Consolidated  
Vultee B-24  
Liberator

Boeing B-29  
Superfortress

Republic P-47  
Thunderbolt

Lockheed  
Lightning P-38

VB-13 VB-3



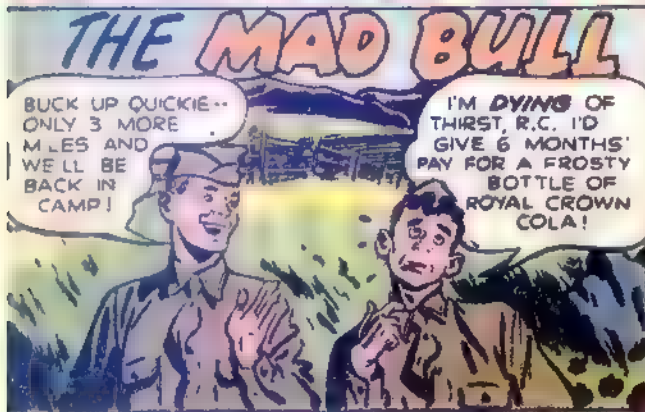
# SUPERMAN

on the air — for more exciting details about PEP and these grand prizes. See your paper for station and time.



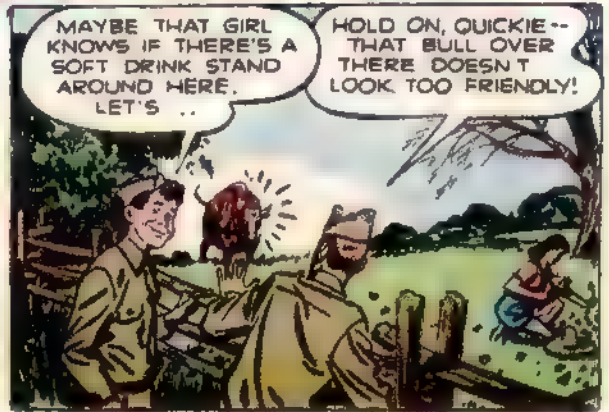
# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

## THE MAD BULL



BUCK UP QUICKIE-- ONLY 3 MORE MILES AND WE'LL BE BACK IN CAMP!

I'M DYING OF THIRST, R.C. I'D GIVE 6 MONTHS' PAY FOR A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!



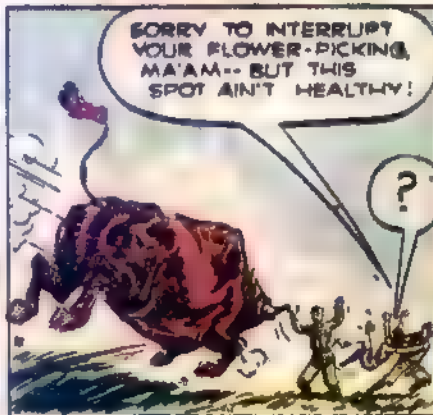
MAYBE THAT GIRL KNOWS IF THERE'S A SOFT DRINK STAND AROUND HERE. LET'S ...

HOLD ON, QUICKIE-- THAT BULL OVER THERE DOESN'T LOOK TOO FRIENDLY!



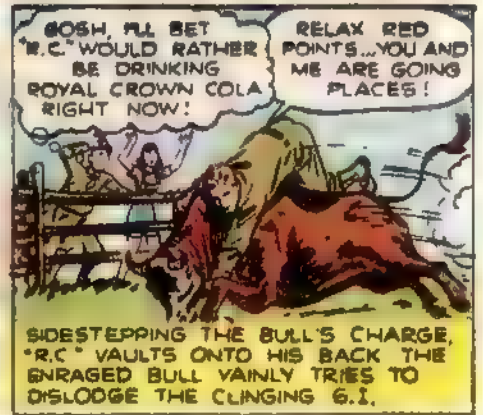
STEP ON IT, QUICKIE! YOU HELP THE GIRL-- I'LL HANDLE THE ROAST BEEF!

I'LL SAY! HE'S HEAD-ING RIGHT FOR THE GIRL!



SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR FLOWER-PICKING, MA'AM-- BUT THIS SPOT AIN'T HEALTHY!

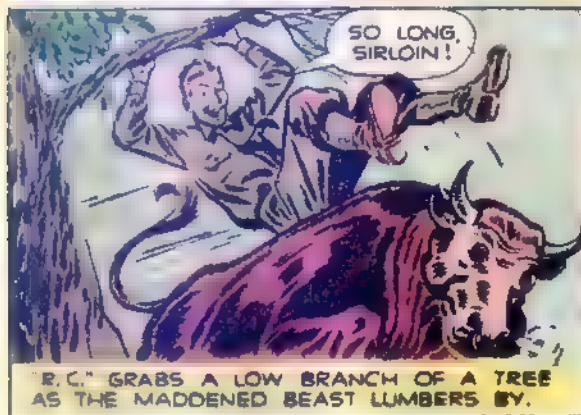
?



GOSH, I'LL BET "R.C." WOULD RATHER BE DRINKING ROYAL CROWN COLA RIGHT NOW!

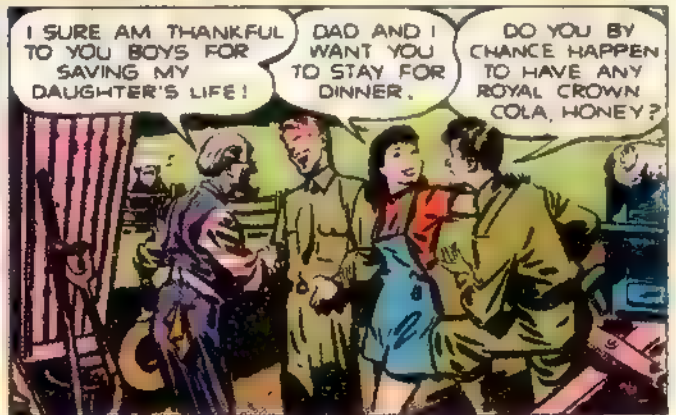
RELAX RED POINTS-- YOU AND ME ARE GOING PLACES!

SIDESTEPPING THE BULL'S CHARGE, "R.C." VAULTS ONTO HIS BACK THE ENRAGED BULL VAINLY TRIES TO DISLODGE THE CLINGING G.I.



SO LONG, SIRLOIN!

"R.C." GRABS A LOW BRANCH OF A TREE AS THE MADDENED BEAST LUMBERS BY.



I SURE AM THANKFUL TO YOU BOYS FOR SAVING MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE!

DAD AND I WANT YOU TO STAY FOR DINNER.

DO YOU BY CHANCE HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY ROYAL CROWN COLA, HONEY?



M-M-M-M . . . TASTES GOOD!

IT TASTES **BEST**, SALLY! IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA OF ALL!

AND THAT'S NO BULL!



COWBOY STAR JIMMY WAKELY SAYS

**SURE THING! IT DOES TASTE BEST!**

Cowboy star Jimmy Wakely has a sharp taste for colas! He tried leading colas in paper cups and picked the one that tasted best! It was Royal Crown Cola! "R.C.'s my favorite 'quick up' treat!" says Jimmy. Try it today! 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle.

See Jimmy Wakely in "SONG OF THE RANGE" a Monogram picture

**ROYAL CROWN COLA**

Best by Taste-Test! 5¢



# THREE-RING BINKO

BOOKING AGENT DELUXE FOR ANY  
AND ALL RADIO, SCREEN, CIRCUS,  
CARNIVAL OR FLOOR SHOW HEAD LINER ACTS.

HIYA, PAL! NOW THAT WE'VE ALMOST MET,  
LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO "KATIE, THE  
KLOUTING KANGAROO KLOWN!" - SHE'S  
A BOX OFFICE GOLD MINE, AND IF THIS WASN'T  
ONE O' MY WEAK MOMENTS, I WOULDN'T EVEN BE  
HERE, SO BEFORE I GO BACK TO NORMAL HOWZABOUT  
SEWING THE ACT WITH A FAT, JUICY CONTRACT  
FOR LIFE? - HUH? - HOWZABOUT IT, PAL?

LISTEN, STUPID - AND I'M  
NOT TRYING TO GET CHUMMY...  
BOXING KANGAROO ACTS AIN'T  
WORTH A QUARTER A GROSS.  
GO LIMP IN THAT CHAIR FOR  
AWHILE AND I'LL TELL YOU  
ABOUT A KANGAROO ACT  
THAT OUT-KANGAROOED ANY  
KANGAROO ACT YOU EVER  
DREAMT OF - OR DO YOU  
DREAM ABOUT 'EM TOO?  
NOW LISTEN...

SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO I'M BARNSTORM-  
ING THROUGH THE BUSH COUNTRY DOWN AUSTRALIA  
WAY - I'VE GOT A GASPING LITTLE ONE-TENT  
WAGON SHOW AND WE'RE DOING LESS THAN  
PRACTICALLY NO BUSINESS AT ALL, WHEN ONE  
DAY WHO POPS INTO MY OFFICE, BUT -

WELL, I'VE BEEN A-BREEDING KANGAROOS  
IN AND OUT O' SEASON, ALL MY LIFE,  
MILLIONS OF 'EM - BUT THIS LI'L ONE HERE  
IS DEFINITELY THE "CREAM OF THE CROP!!"

HOWDY, OUTLANDER! I'M KNOWN 'ROUND  
THESE PARTS AS "RUFF'N' TUFF" REEGAN-  
KING OF THE KANGAROO KORRAL - I  
WANTS TO PROPOSITION YOU!

I CALL HER "POUCHY" -  
NOW WATCH HER GO TO  
TOWN AN' DO HER STUFF!

GO AHEAD,  
KEED, PROP!

GO AHEAD, BUB,  
"STRUT" HER!



.. WITH THAT HE PUT 'POUCHY' THROUGH THE SWEETEST STUNT ROUTINE I'VE EVER GLUED THESE OL' STEEL-GREY-BLUE EYES UPON, ..

- BUB, THAT L'IL OL' KANGAROO WAS SO BULGED OUT WITH STAGE KNOW-HOW THAT I SIGNED HIM UP ON THE SPOT- USED POUCHY AT FIRST TO HAND OUT PROGRAMS AND SHE WAS A FOUR-ALARM RIOT FROM THE START!

NOW HOP-HO, POUCHY - AND GIVE ME A TRIPLE BACK SOMERSAULT ON THE WAY DOWN- ALLAY-LOOP!!

HAW, HAW, HAW! A SELF-SERVICE KANGAROO- WELL, HOWDA Y'LIKE THAT?

- NEXT I PUT HER AT THE TICKET-TAKER'S GATE- AND SHE NEVER MISSED A SINGLE DUCAT -

- SHE GOT RESTLESS DOING THAT THOUGH AFTER AWHILE- WANTED ACTION- YOU KNOW, TO HOP AROUND, SO I PUT HER ON THE PEANUT AND POPCORN CONCESSION- AND BOYBOY- DID SHE COVER GROUND 'N' CLEAN UP!!

MAIN ENTRANCE

HEY! PEANUTS!

POPCORN COMIN' UP!

PEANUTS!

- REALIZING A BIT LATER SHE WAS MOPING BECAUSE SHE WASN'T ON OUR REGULAR PROGRAM (AND DON'T EVER THINK THAT KANGAROOS CAN'T GO TEMPERAMENTAL), I SCRAMBLED HER A LITTLE ACT OF HER OWN.

SON, SHE SLAYED THEM FROM THE VERY FIRST SHOW! SHOT TO STARDOM IN ONE SWOOP- AND OVERNIGHT I HAD TO BILL HER AS THE HEADLINE ACT!!

YOU AST ME, BOSS, AN' I'M TELLIN' YA- THAT'S JU'S OL' FASHIONED KANGAROO GRIEF!!

BOYBOY! WILL YA LOOK AT THAT CRITTER- THEY GUARANTEED SHE'D CATCH EVERYTHING TOSSED TO HER, AND SHE'S DONE IT- WHAT A BALL TEAM SHE'D MAKE!

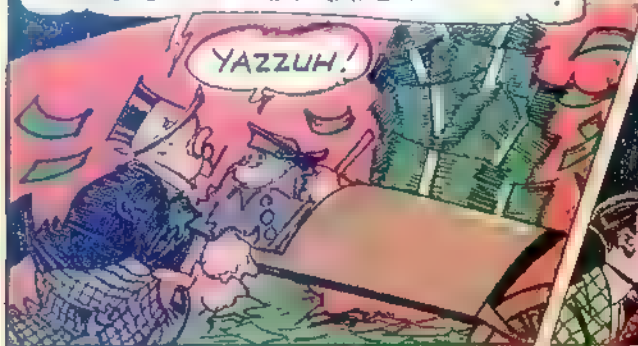




FROM THEN ON OUR TOUR OF THE CIRCUIT WAS JUST ONE GRAND TRIUMPHANT MARCH, DIPPED DEEP IN MILK 'N' HONEY—WITH PROFITS PILING UP EAR-HIGH—WHAMMO!

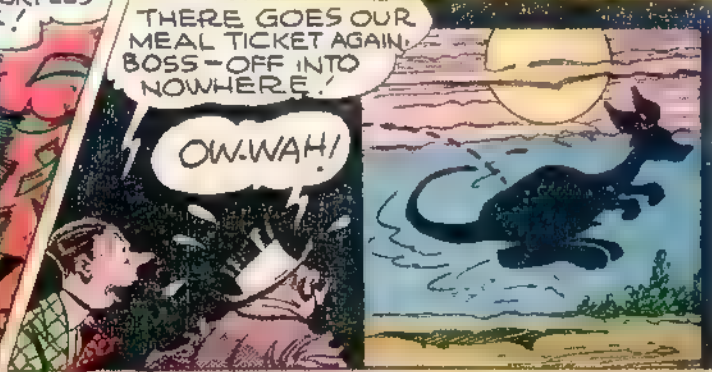
—THEN THAT CUSSSED MARSUPIAL (THAT'S OXFORD FOR KANGAROO) BEGAN REVERTING TO TYPE—GETTING OUTA HAND, Y'KNOW, HAVIN' MOODS—OR SUMP'N—SHE'D GO BOUNCING OFF IN THE NIGHT, AND BE GONE FOR DAYS AT A TIME!

SWEEP ALL THOSE EXCESS PROFITS UP INTO NEAT L'IL PILES, TICONDEROGA, WHILE I TOTE THIS SWEET SURPLUS-SURPLUS OVER TO THE LAST NATIONAL BANK!



THERE GOES OUR MEAL TICKET AGAIN! BOSS—OFF INTO NOWHERE!

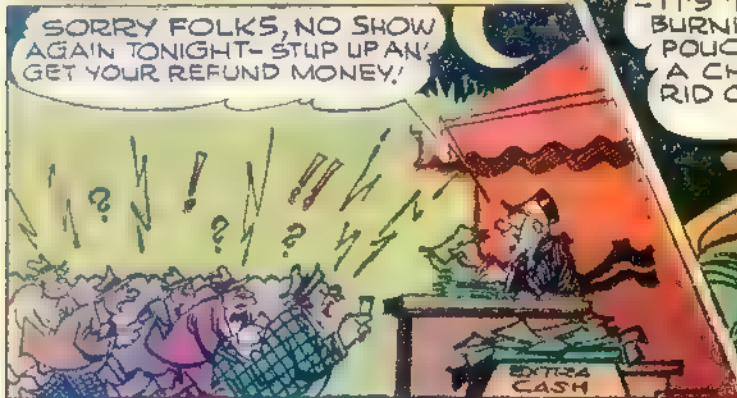
OW.WAH!



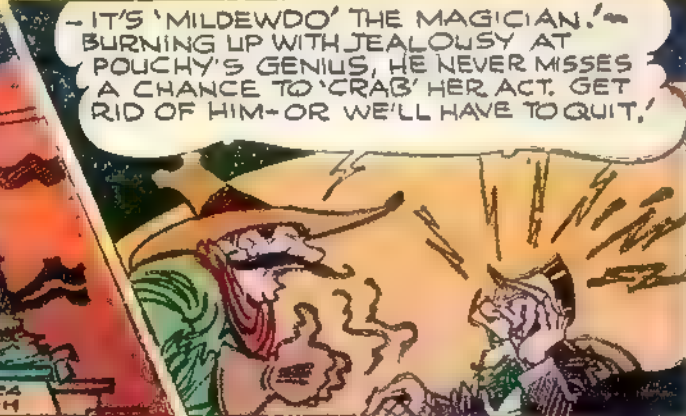
—NACHERLY WE COULDN'T PUT A SHOW ON—NACHERLY I HAD TO REFUND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN TICKET MONEY—AND MOST NACHERLY OF ALL—I WAS FAST GOING BOOGIE-WOOGIE AT THESE CAPERS—

—RUFF 'N' TUFF REEGAN HOWEVER PROVED TO BE THE MAN OF THE HOUR—KNOWING KANGAROOS LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS, HE DOVE RIGHT INTO THE PROBLEM—AND CAME UP WITH THE ANSWER!

SORRY FOLKS, NO SHOW AGAIN TONIGHT—STUP UP AN' GET YOUR REFUND MONEY!



—IT'S 'MILDEWDO' THE MAGICIAN!—BURNING UP WITH JEALOUSY AT POUCHY'S GENIUS, HE NEVER MISSES A CHANCE TO 'CRAB' HER ACT. GET RID OF HIM—OR WE'LL HAVE TO QUIT!

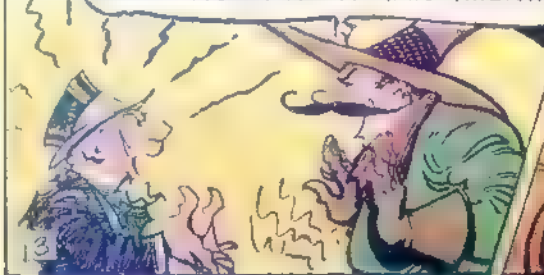


BUT LISTEN, RUFF 'N' TUFF, HOW'M I GONNA RUN THE SHOW WITHOUT A MAGICIAN? EVERY SHOW'S GOTTA HAVE AT LEAST ONE MAGICIAN!

WELL, BUB, WITH MY FINGERS DOUBLE-CROSSED I TRIED 'POUCHY' OUT IN THE MAGICIAN'S SPOT AT THE NEXT MATINEE, AND SHE STOPPED THE SHOW! SHE WAS TRIPLE-TERRIFIC!!

'HAW.' 'AT'S SIMPLE, BOSS. POUCHY KNOWS HIS ACT INSIDE-OUT. LET HER 'DOUBLE' FOR HIM, AND SHE CAN PULL MORE SURPRISES OUT OF HER POUCH IN A MINUTE THAN HE CAN PULL OUT OF HIS OL' HIGH HAT IN A MONTH.

LADEEZ 'N' GENTLEMEN—WATCH 'POUCHY' CAREFULLY—THE ONLY KANGAROO-MAGICIAN IN THE WORLD! SHE WILL AST-FOUND YOU!! AH—WHAT'S THIS SHE HAS TAKEN FROM HER EMPTY POUCH?—AN AUTOMOBILE TIRE AND WHEEL?—AND ANOTHER!



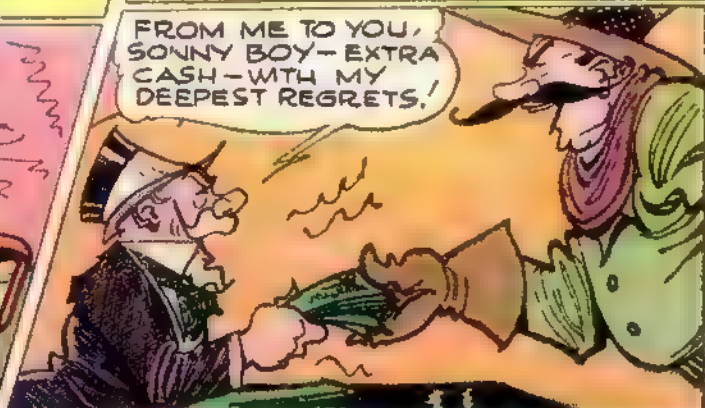


THEN TWO MORE—THEN A MOTOR—FENDERS—RADIATOR—BODY... EVEN LICENSE PLATES—THEN DAWGGONE ME IF THAT KANTANKEROUS KANGAROO DIDN'T ASSEMBLE THE ENTIRE MESS AND DRIVE OFF STAGE, THE AUDIENCE NEAR TORE THE TENT APART WITH HOWLING AND AMAZED DELIGHT!!

—NACHERLY I HAD TO UP THEIR INCOME, DOUBLE, BECAUSE POUCHY WAS NOW DOING TWO STAR ACTS, BUT WHAT DID BIG-HEARTED I CARE? GATE RECEIPTS WERE NOW STACKING UP LIKE HAY IN SEPTEMBER—



FROM ME TO YOU, SONNY BOY—EXTRA CASH—WITH MY DEEPEST REGRETS!



THREE MONTHS OF THIS TOO-BLISSFUL STATE FOLLOWED, AND THEN IT HAPPENED!!

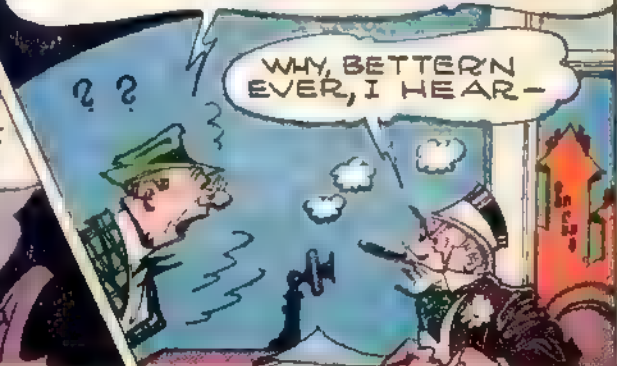
BOSS BINKS, I'M HERE T'TELLYA I'M QUITTIN' SHOW BUSINESS—AS OF NOW!! THIS ONE-NIGHT-AND JUMPIN' AROUND THE COUNTRY AN' MY ARTHRITIS DON'T AGREE—AND I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS ANYHOW—SO, SO-O-LONG!

W-WHY-Y-Y-YOU!!



PHEW-W! WELL, BATHE MY BROW! Y' MEAN T'TELL ME THAT UNGRATEFUL NO-ACCOUNT THIS 'N' THAT 'N' SO-'N'- SO QUIT YOU COLD LIKE THAT AFTER ALL YOU DONE DID FOR HIM? WHAT'S THE UNHUMAN WUTHLESS BEE DOIN' NOW?

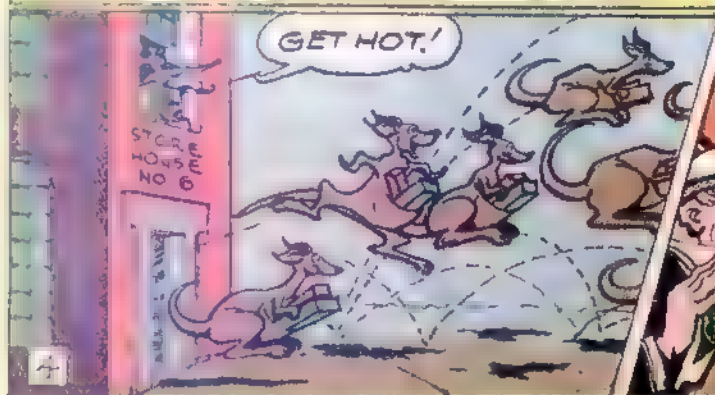
WHY, BETTERN EVER, I HEAR—



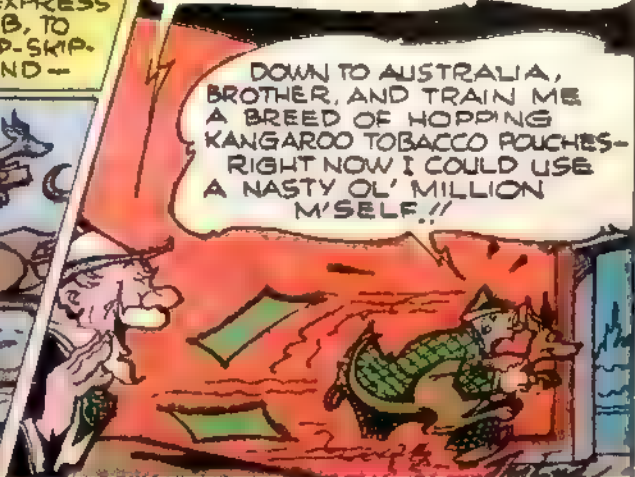
Y SEE HE PILED UP ENOUGH MOOLA TO BUY HIMSELF A SH PLEAD OF KANGAROOS—THEN AFTER INTENSIVELY TRAINING THEM HE TIED UP WITH A FAMOUS MAIL ORDER CONCERN TO DELIVER ALL THEIR ORDERS BY KANGAROO EXPRESS THROUGHOUT SIX WESTERN STATES—WELL, BUB, TO DATE THOSE KANGAROOS HAVE ALREADY HOP-SKIP-AND JUMPED HIM INTO HIS SECOND MILLION—AND—

HEH-HEH-HEH!—HEY, WHERE Y'HEADIN' SON?

GET HOT!

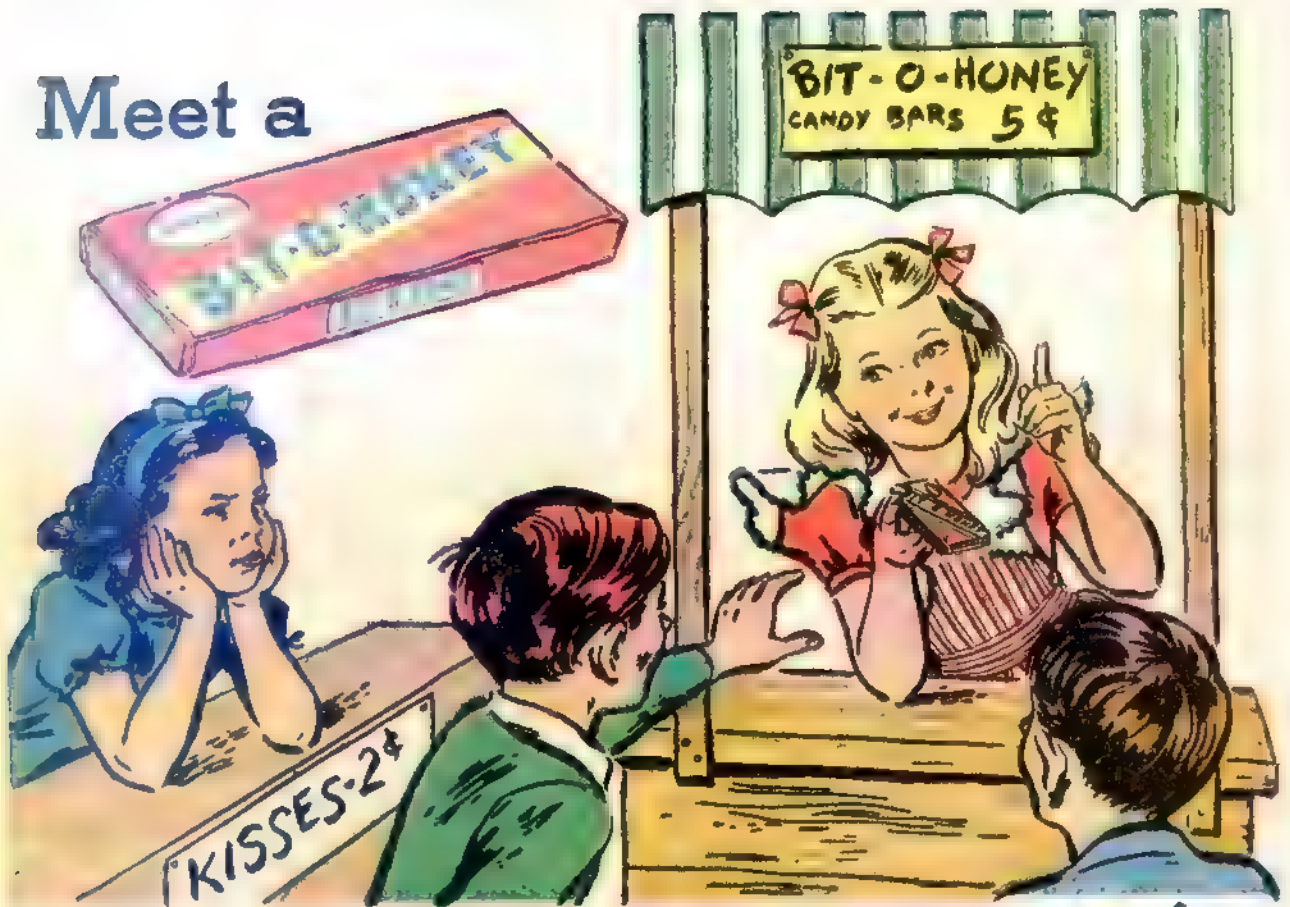


DOWN TO AUSTRALIA, BROTHER, AND TRAIN ME A BREED OF HOPPING KANGAROO TOBACCO POUCHES—RIGHT NOW I COULD USE A NASTY OL' MILLION M'SELF!!





# Meet a

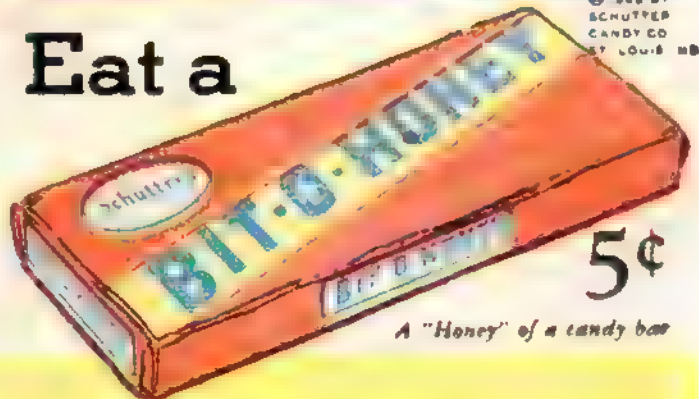


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SCHUTTER  
CANDY CO.  
ST. LOUIS, MO

Just as no artist can fully paint the beauty of a sunset, no words can completely describe the lusciousness of BIT-O-HONEY. But the minute you taste this *deliciously different* candy bar, you know why millions buy BIT-O-HONEY. They go for its "can't-be-equalled" flavor that indescribable flavor which you'll so fully enjoy. BIT O HONEY is cut in six individually wrapped bite-sized pieces. Next time you buy candy, buy the tasty bar that's extra handy. **BIT O HONEY!**

You'll like **OLD NICK**, too — a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY.

# Eat a



A "Honey" of a candy bar

## WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. **YOU** can find yours by using the Number-Alphabet below. **MARK TWAIN'S name adds up to TWO — Does YOURS?**

Example  
M A R K T W A I N  
 $4+1+9+2+2+5+1+9+5=38$   
 $'3+8=11 \quad 1+1=2$

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "Two", write for **FREE** booklet telling you what it means.

### The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-L are "2"
C-L-U are "3"	D-M-V are "4"
E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"
I-R are "9"	

### YOURS FREE

Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT O HONEY booklet "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's **FREE!** Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it **NOW!**

# 2

"Two" people are artistic and imaginative. Inclined to be romantic, their best success-opportunities are on the mental, rather than physical side.

"BIT O-HONEY  
Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo

NC2

Please send me — absolutely **FREE** and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If you are under 18, check here  
Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet **FREE**.

OVER EXPIRES DEC 31, 1948



# SALTY TRICK

by Fred. Whitby

LIKE a thunderbolt the black stallion streaked across the plains, outacing the sharp crackle of rifle and pistol fire that followed his progress. In the saddle, bent over so that his shoulders hunched close to the horse's powerful neck, was Quintesa Doba. "A leetle more, my sweet," he gasped, "and we shall make the safety of the hills."

The magnificent horse roared through the canyon, his hooves echoing over the rifle fire. The next moment, guided by instinct alone, he was picking his way up the suddenly-darkened, rock-filled slopes.

Quintesa Doba smiled dourly to himself. His ancient enemy, Marshal Ford, would spend some time in these hills before finding him. Nobody, Quintesa had often boasted, knew the Southwest as he did. The only trouble was that the second best man happened to be the omnipresent United States Marshal who had been chasing Quintesa Doba almost two years now. And Ford had almost got him this time. Almost.

It had happened around ten o'clock. Quintesa Doba, wearing the Mexican peon garb he affected sometimes, had stopped in the General Store at Marketville to buy some more supplies en route to the rancho of his now dead friend, Al Parker. Parker's widow, a girl from Oklahoma City, whom Quintesa Doba had never met, was in trouble. And Quintesa had never let a friend, nor ever a friend of a friend, down.

And so he had happened to be in Marketville, where, stepping out of the General Store his pack loaded, he had seen Marshal Ford peering from the stage coach which had drawn up at the Express Station across the road. Marshal Ford was looking at the black stallion; and so amazed was he that he hadn't yet gotten out of the stage. The Marshal knew

that horse as well as his own name.

Losing no time, Quintesa had dropped the pack and leaped onto the stallion's back. Pandemonium broke loose as the Marshal fired, but Quintesa Doba was streaking down the main street, pouring clouds of dust in his wake. Like Ford, he too, was amazed.

"That Ford," he mused now as he slid from his horse. "Somehow he must have picked up my trail." His brow furrowed. "But where is that palomino of his?" Yes, that was a question—where was the Marshal's famous horse? But Quintesa was too tired for much speculation. Exhausted by the hot chase, he fell asleep, secure in the knowledge that the stallion was standing guard.

His strength had returned and he was murmuring a song, as, the following dawn, he picked his way over the secret trail in the hills. He was quickly elated an hour later to pass over the heads of Marshal Ford and the posse. Knowing Ford's tenacity, he knew the Marshal would stay in the hills at least a week before giving up. Quintesa Doba smiled. A week would give him plenty of time to get the widow Parker out of any difficulty.

And what difficulty was she in? "Ah," Quintesa thought, as he sat across the table from the dark-eyed woman a day later, "always it is money trouble." Al Parker had left no insurance, and his rancho was threatened with foreclosure. It was an old story, an old problem to Quintesa.

"If only Michaels would give me an extension until the cattle are sold," Eloise Parker said. "But he says he is pressed for money, too." She smiled wanly. "I guess it is business."

It was Quintesa Doba's guess that it was monkey business, but he did not say so. His sharp eyes were studying the woman's face,

and although he had seen her for the first time today, there was something disturbingly familiar about her features.

"My brother was coming from Oklahoma City to talk to me," she said. "I sent him a wire. But I guess it did not reach him." She smiled. "He travels a lot. Like yourself, Mr. Diaz. Al spoke of you often, and your restlessness." Another smile. "He always said if there was trouble, you would be around."

"Angel Diaz always helps his friends," Quintesa replied. He could have told her that only his real friends called him Angel Diaz while knowing him as Quintesa Doba.

"Things will happen," he said. "I am a believer in miracles."

His handsome face spread in a broad smile. "Like your Al. He bought a worthless mine here, and then discovered this was wonderful grazing country. So instead of a wealthy miner, he became a good rancher."

Eloise Parker's eyes glistened, then she laughed. "So he told you about the mine?" She went to a cupboard, brought out a strong box and opened it. "I still have the deed. And these jewels. You sent us this one for a wedding gift," she said, indicating a handsome bar pin.

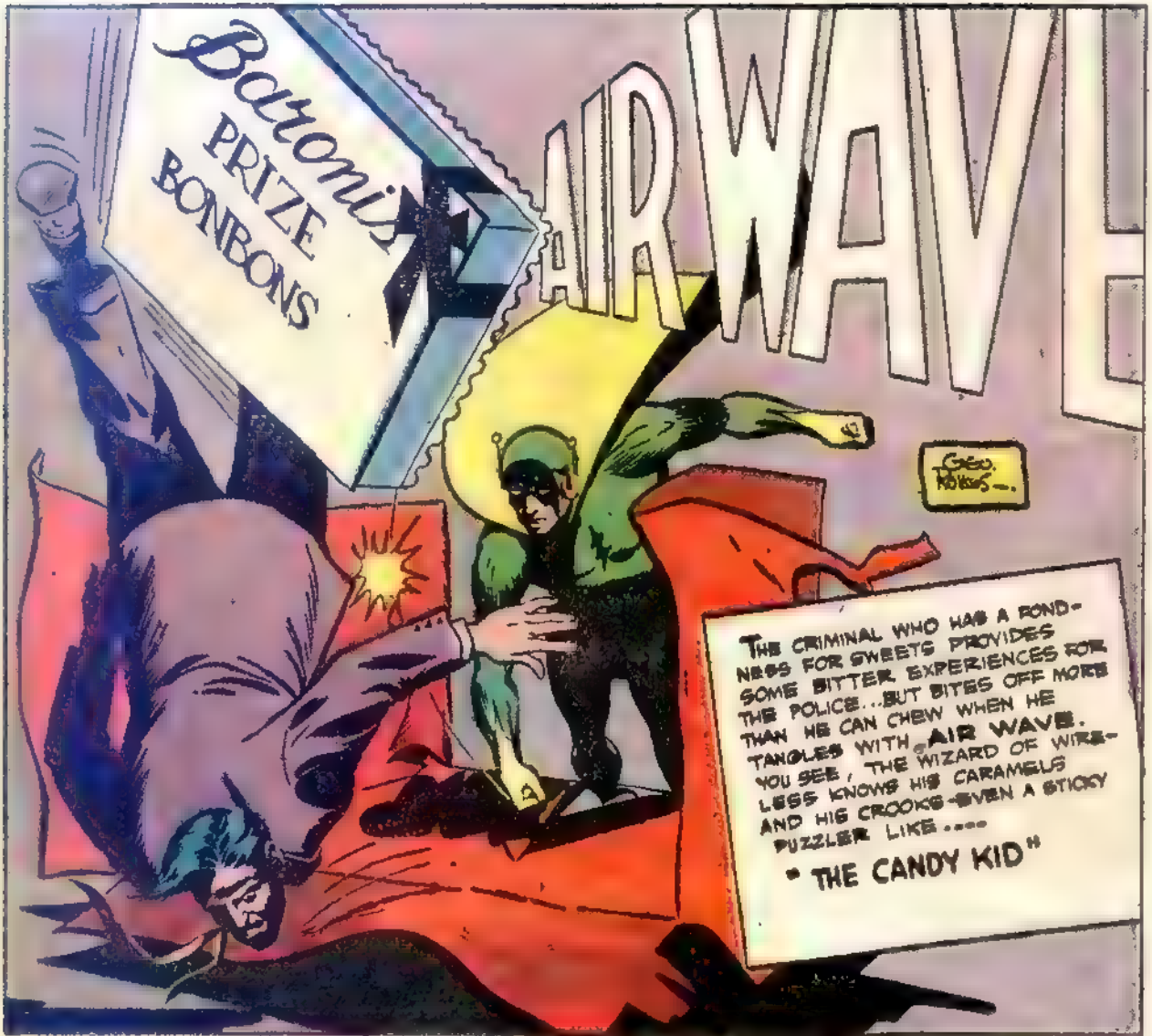
Quintesa Doba winced. If Carmellita Ensondero had ever known what became of the gift he bought for her. He got to his feet. "I will see what I can see about this Michaels person," he said. "But tell no one why I am here." Thus enjoining her to silence, he went out and mounted his horse.

None would have recognized the prosperous-looking Mexican *don* who, in expensively-tailored riding clothes, with silver spurs jingling, strode into Banker Michaels' office that same afternoon. It was one of Quintesa Doba's best disguises.

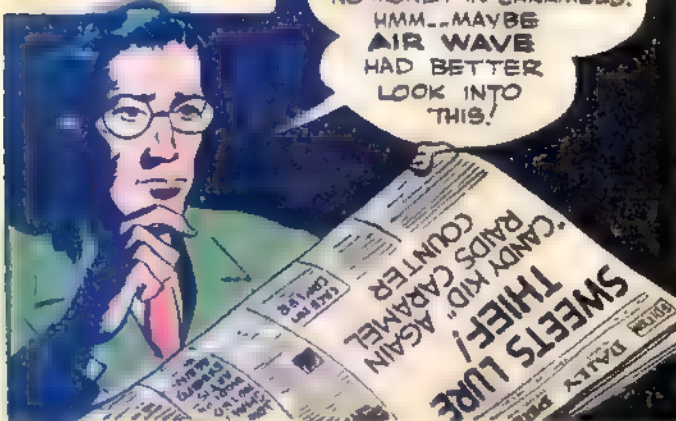
One look at Michaels' beady

(Continued on inside back cover)





DISTRICT ATTORNEY *Larry Jordan* IS FACED WITH A PUZZLER... A STICKY ONE!

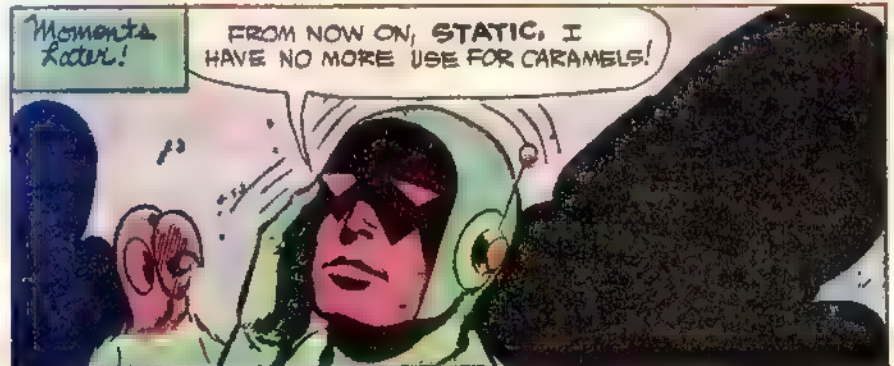
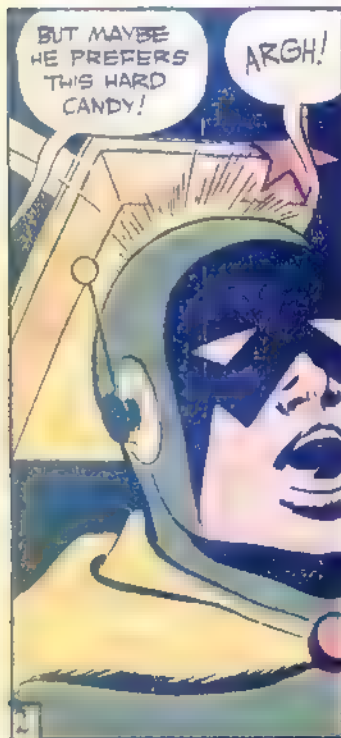
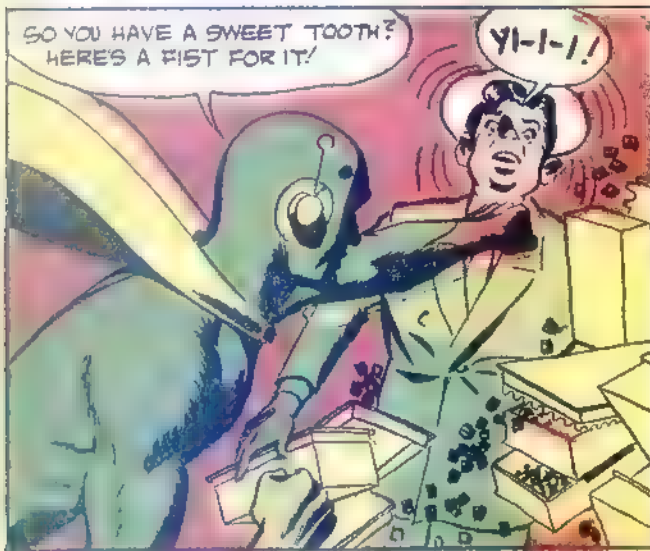
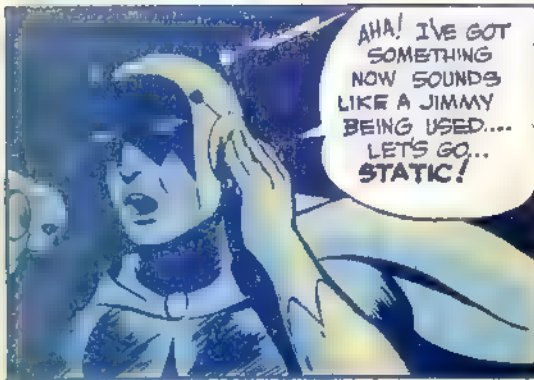


AND SO, THAT EVENING...

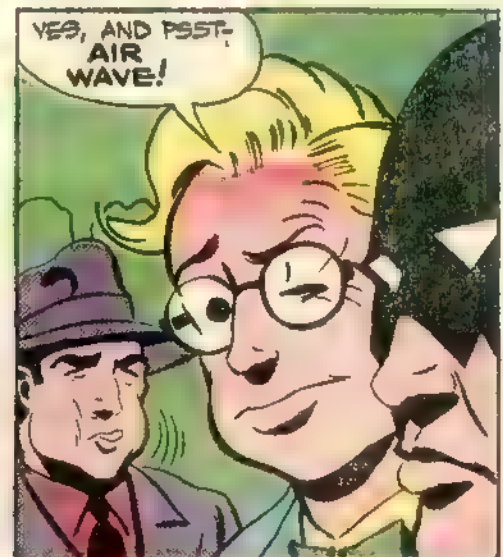
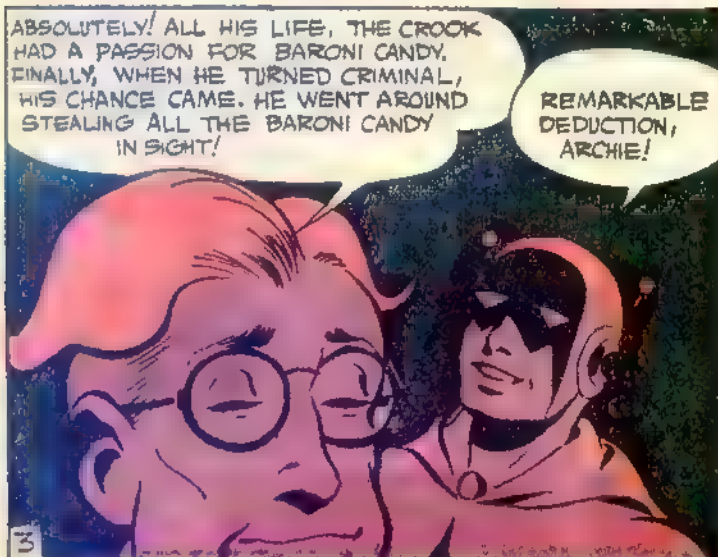
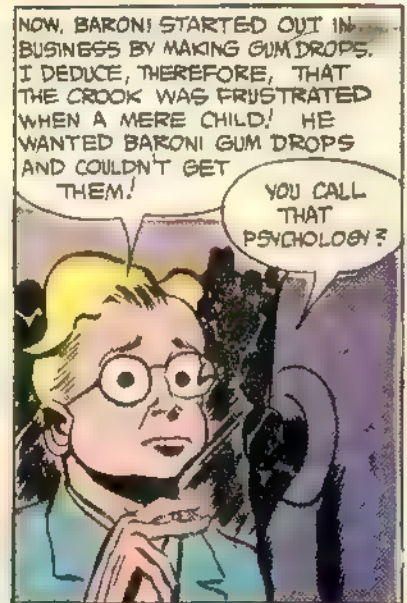
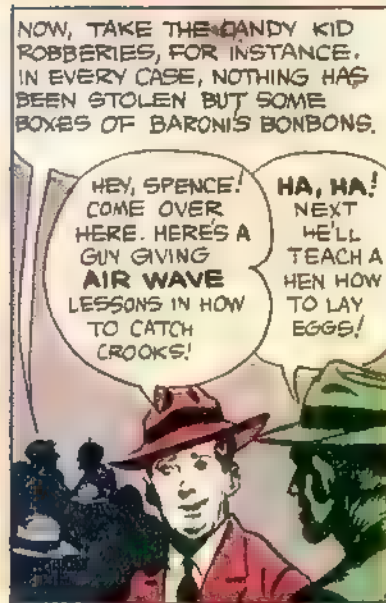
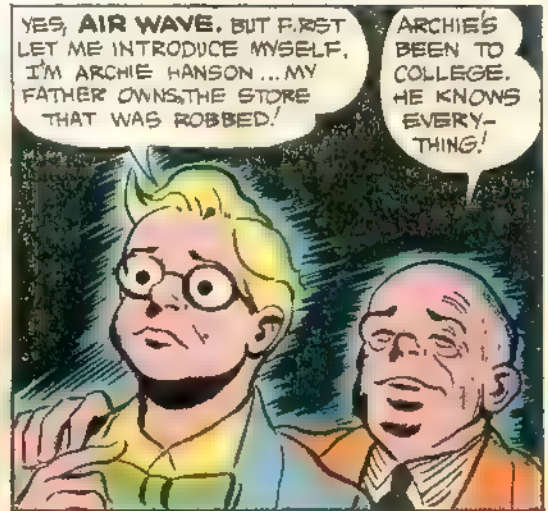
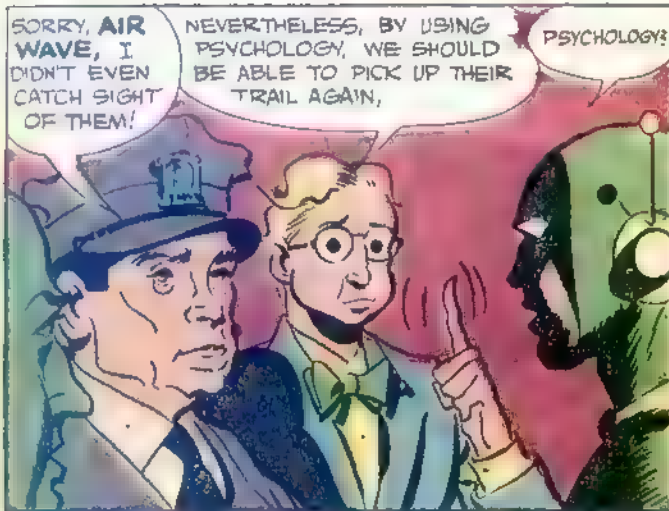
I'VE GOT ALL THE CANDY STORES IN TOWN ON MY RADIO BEAM, **STATIC!** IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, I'M SURE TO PICK IT UP!









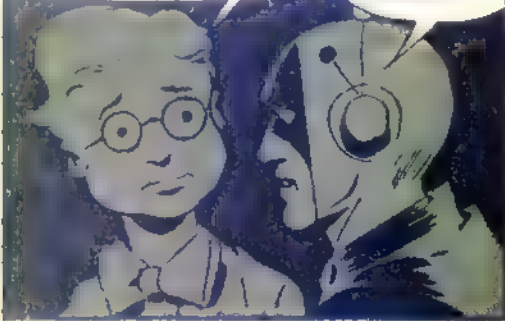






THERE'S A MAN IN THE CROWD EATING BARON'S GUM DROPS RIGHT NOW. THE CRIMINAL HAS RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!

HMM, I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MAN IS CONNECTED WITH CRIME SOMEHOW.



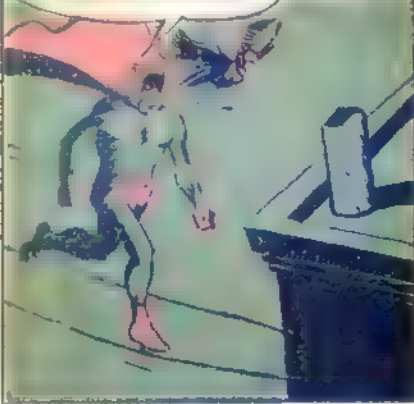
BUT I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU TO USE PSYCHOLOGY ON HIM. I'M GOING TO FOLLOW ANOTHER CLUE.

ALL RIGHT, AIR WAVE.... BUT YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN I GET ALL THE CREDIT FOR SOLVING THIS CASE, AND YOU'RE LEFT OUT IN THE COLD!



DESPITE THIS DIRE WARNING, THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO FOLLOWS A COURSE OF HIS OWN ....

ARCHIE'S PSYCHOLOGY SOUNDS PRETTY CRAZY TO ME ..BUT THE DID HIT ON ONE IMPORTANT FACT. ALL THE CANDY STOLEN WAS BARON'S BRAND!



SO I'D BETTER SPEAK TO THE MANAGER OF THE FACTORY...LUCKY THERE'S A NIGHT SHIFT!



HELLO, AIR WAVE...DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE HERE ABOUT THOSE EARRINGS, TOO!

EARRINGS?

YES, LAST WEEK THE POLICE WERE AROUND...THEY SAID SOME EMERALD EARRINGS HAD BEEN STOLEN, AND THEY HAD FOLLOWED THE THEF HERE BUT THEY DIDN'T FIND THEM, EVEN THOUGH THEY SEARCHED THE PLACE.

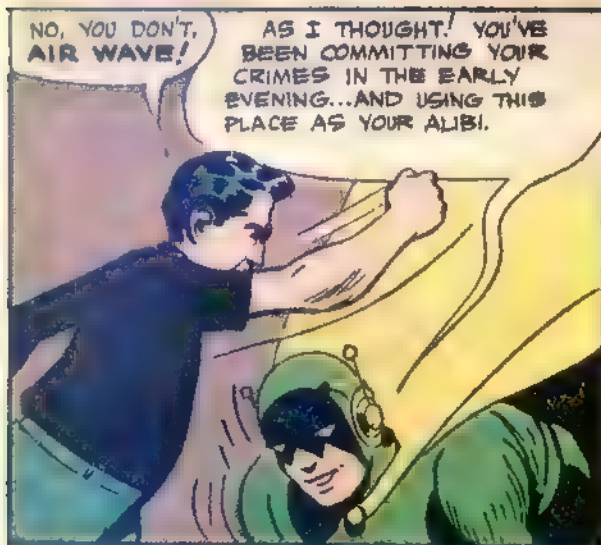
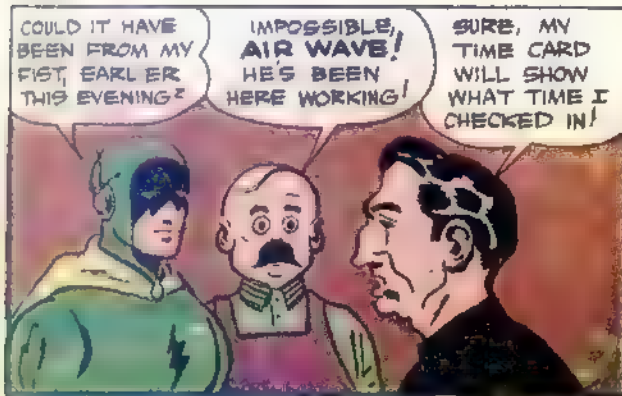


IT WAS A SILLY IDEA TO START WITH...OUR MEN ARE ALL PERFECTLY HONEST!

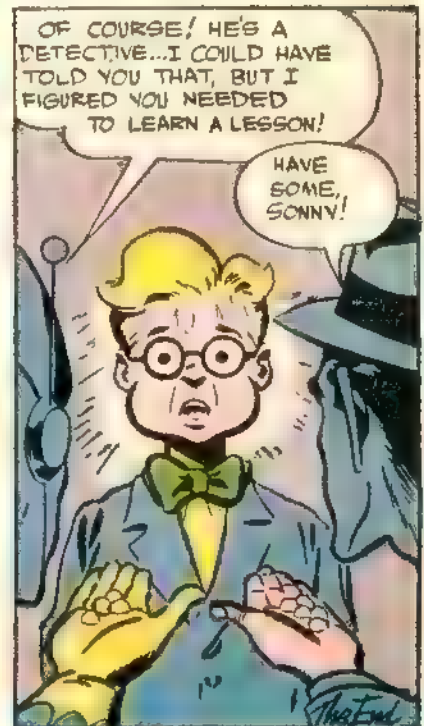
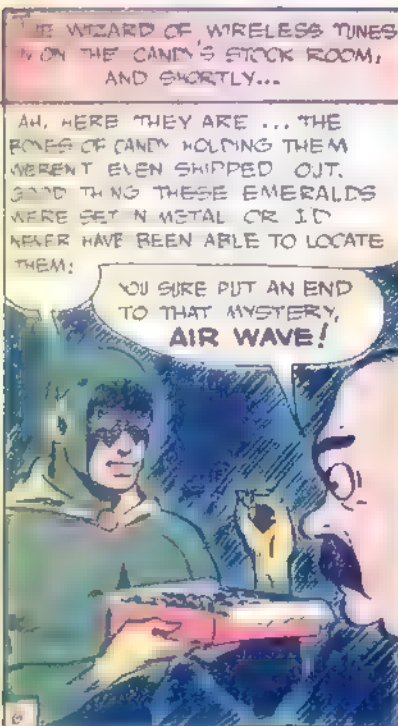
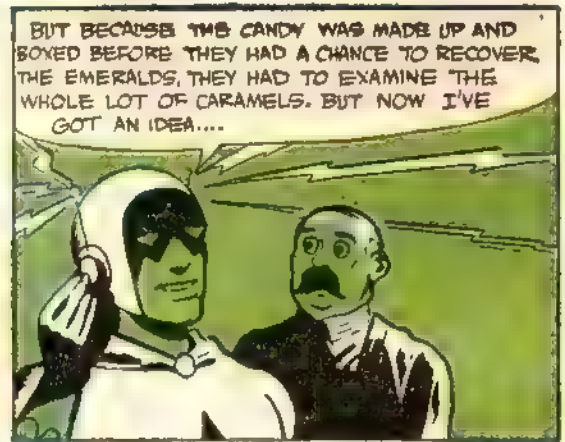
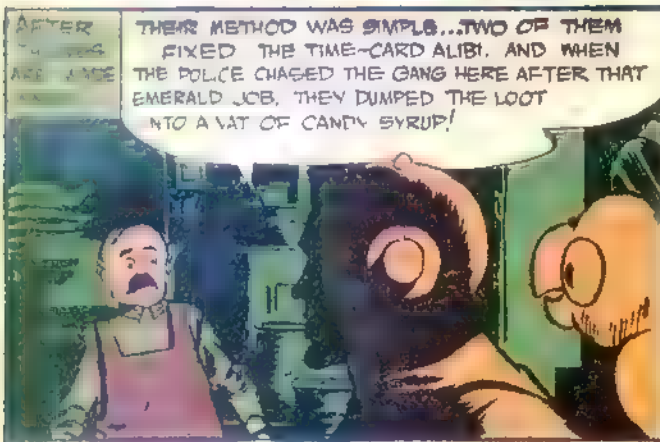
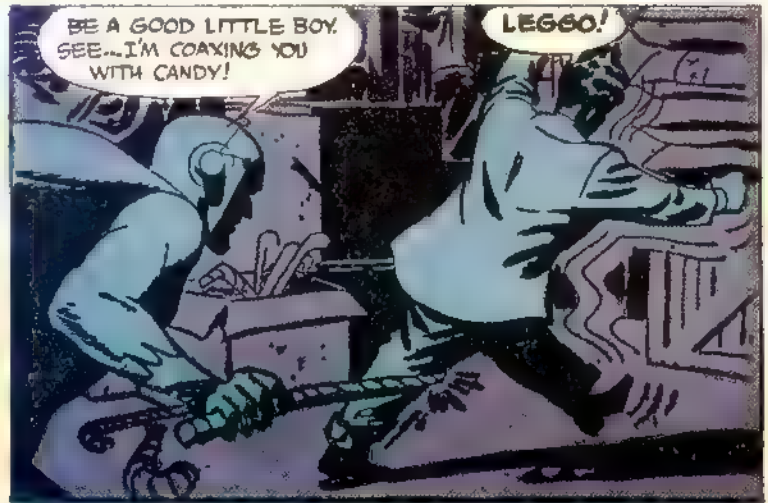
SURE, I KNOW... BUT WHERE DID THAT FELLOW GET A CUT ON HIS LIP?













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## Gene Sarazen

Get big-league coaching in your favorite game from Wheaties new Library of Sports

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Gene Sarazen

National Open Champion, British Open Champion, Western Open Champion, Masters Open Champion, Southern Open Champion.

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The

# BOY COMMANDOS

in

## 'THE RETREAT of BATTALION O!'

ACH, I DID NOT T'INK DEY WOULD RETREAT SO FAST!

### ORDER OF THE DAY:

As the private said when he was asked how he captured a whole enemy platoon: "I surrounded them." 'Nuff said!  
*Rip Carter*  
CAPTAIN

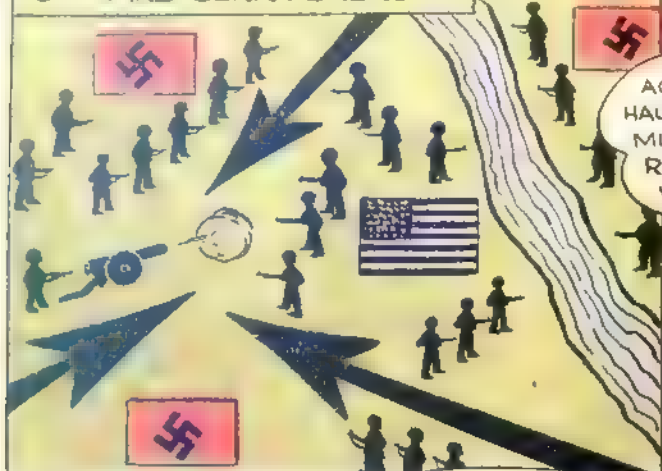
GERMANY'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER IS NOW MILITARY HISTORY, AND ONCE AGAIN THE LIGHTS ARE BURNING BRIGHTLY ALL OVER EUROPE. BUT THERE ARE STILL MANY UNTOLD STORIES BEHIND THE FALL OF THE ONCE-MIGHTY WEHRMACHT... AND ONE THAT DESERVES TELLING NOW IS THE DRAMATIC INCIDENT OF AMERICANS SURROUNDED BY NAZIS AND FORCED TO RETREAT... NOT TO THE REAR, HOWEVER, BUT **FORWARD!** OF SUCH RETREATS ARE VICTORIES MADE—SO HERE IT IS—A SMASHING CHAPTER OF CHAMPION COMBAT COURAGE WRITTEN BY THOSE COMRADES OF FOREIGN FLAGS—**THE BOY COMMANDOS!**







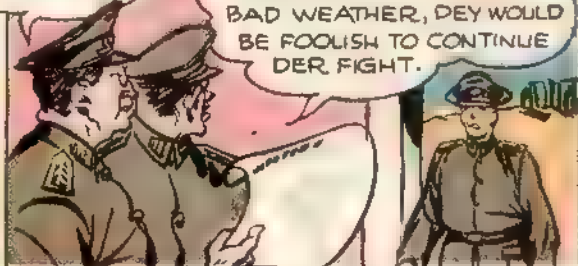
AN AMERICAN BATTALION HAS BEEN CUT OFF AND SURROUNDED...



AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS, NAZI GENERAL VON RUMPEL AWAITS THE RETURN OF AN OFFICER WHO HAS GONE TO DEMAND SURRENDER...

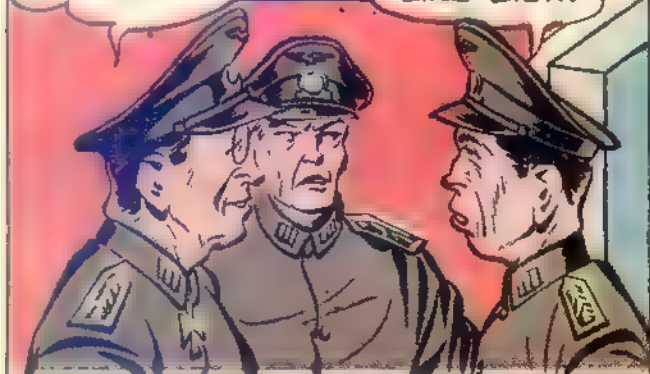
ACH, HERE COMES HAUPTMANN SCHNEIDER MIT DER AMERICAN REPLY. I WONDER WHAT IT IS.

SURRENDER, NO DOUBT, HERR GENERAL! OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE, DEIR RETREAT CUT OFF, UNABLE TO RECEIVE SUPPLIES BY PARACHUTE BECAUSE OF BAD WEATHER, DEY WOULD BE FOOLISH TO CONTINUE DER FIGHT.



YOU HAVE SPOKEN TO DER AMERICAN COMMANDER, HAUPTMANN SCHNEIDER?

YA, HERR GENERAL. HIS REPLY IS A STRANGE ONE, BUT I SHALL TRY TO GIVE IT AS HE GAVE IT TO ME. IT GOES LIKE DIS...



BRRRRRXXXXX!

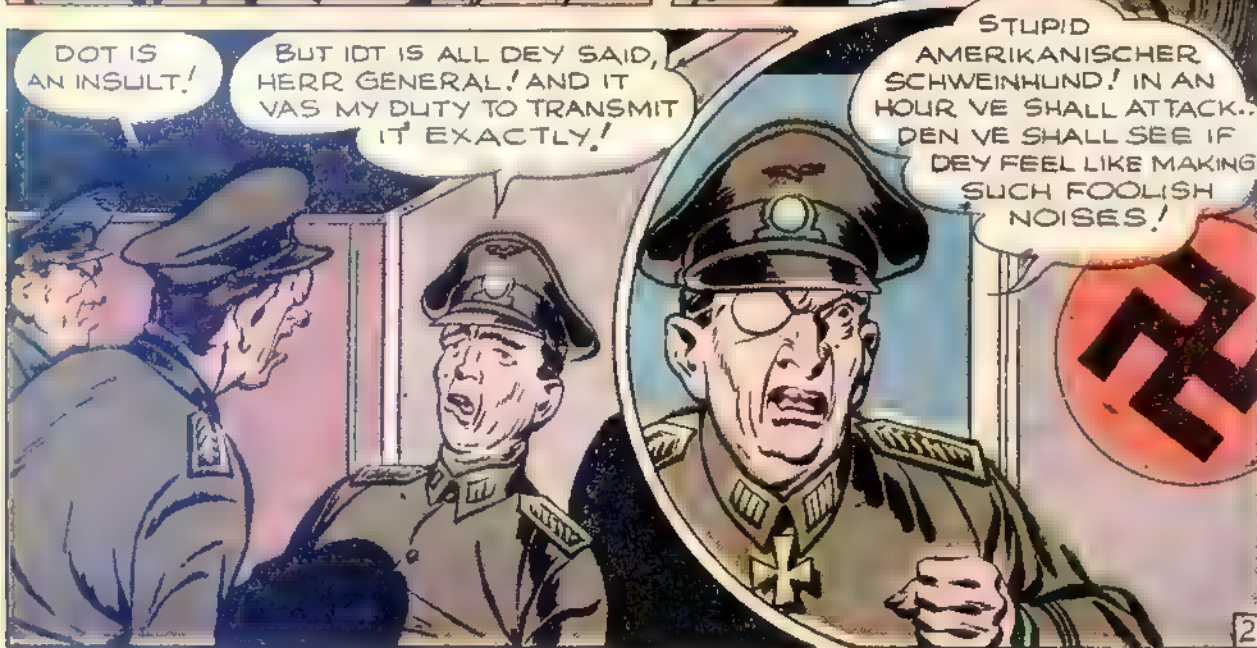
VOT ????



DOT IS AN INSULT!

BUT IDT IS ALL DEY SAID, HERR GENERAL! AND IT VAS MY DUTY TO TRANSMIT IT EXACTLY!

STUPID AMERIKANISCHER SCHWEINHUND! IN AN HOUR VE SHALL ATTACK.. DEN VE SHALL SEE IF DEY FEEL LIKE MAKING SUCH FOOLISH NOISES!







WHILE IN THE SURROUNDED BATTALION...

MAJOR, THE BOYS HAVE BEEN ON A SCOUTING EXPEDITION. THEY SAY THAT THE RIVER IS TOO DEEP TO FORD EXCEPT AT ONE POINT.

WELL, CAPTAIN CARTER, IF THERE'S EVEN ONE POINT...

YEAH, BUT DA PERNT ABOUT DAT PERNT, MAJOR, IS DAT DA NAZIS KNOW ABOUT IT.

OUI, ZEY HAVE POSTED A HEAVY GUARD ZERE.



SO MUCH THE BETTER WE'VE BAFFLED THEM BEFORE BY NOT FIGHTING ACCORDING TO THEIR RULES, AND WE'LL DO IT AGAIN. WE'LL ATTACK AT ONCE.

AND SO, AS A CONCENTRATED BARRAGE SPANS THE RIVER BARRIER.....

BLIMEY, THAT'LL PULVERIZE THE BLOOMIN'BLIGHTERS.

YEAH, I'M GLAD WE'RE ON DA OTHER SIDE OF DA RIVER AND KIN RELAX FER A WHILE.

WE'RE NOT GOING TO RELAX, BOYS. COME ON.



VOT? VE ARE TO VALK RIGHT INTO OUR OWN SHELLING?

NOT QUITE... BUT AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE.

BUT I CAN'T GO NOW-I LEFT ME HAT ON A TREE STUMP!

NEVAIRE MIND ZE HAT... MAKE SURE YOU DO NOT LOSE ZE HEAD.



THE RUSSIANS FIRST USED THIS METHOD. THEY DISCOVERED THAT EVEN THOUGH SOME OF THEIR OWN MEN ARE HIT BY THEIR OWN SHELLS, THEY CAN SURPRISE THE ENEMY SO COMPLETELY, THAT IN THE LONG RUN THEIR OWN CASUALTIES ARE MUCH LESS.







AS THE BARRAGE CEASES, THE NAZIS  
RE-EMERGE FROM COVER.....

DER SHELLING HAS  
STOPPED. NOW WE CAN  
RETURN TO OUR FRONT LINE  
POSTS BY DER RIVER...

DONNERWETTER!  
HOW DID DEY GET  
HERE SO QUICK?

SEE WHAT  
I MEAN,  
BOYS?

THEY THOUGHT THEY'D BE  
ABLE TO SNUGGLE DOWN IN  
THEIR RAT HOLES AND  
MOW US DOWN.

BANG!

CRACK!

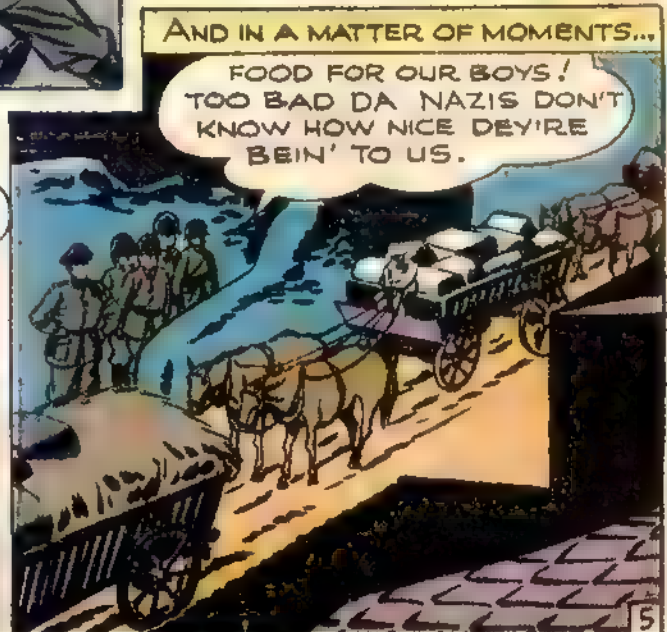
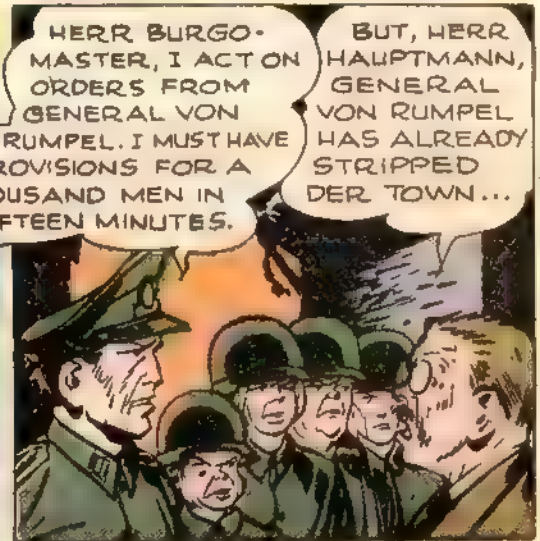
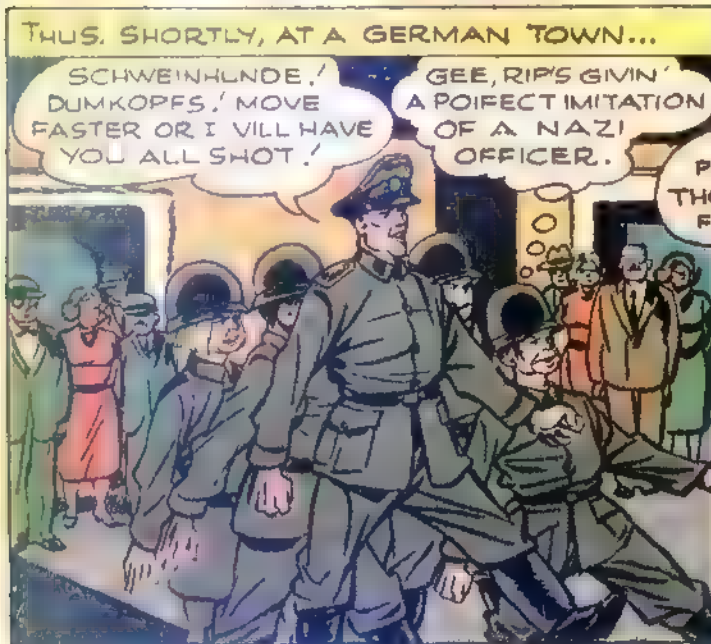
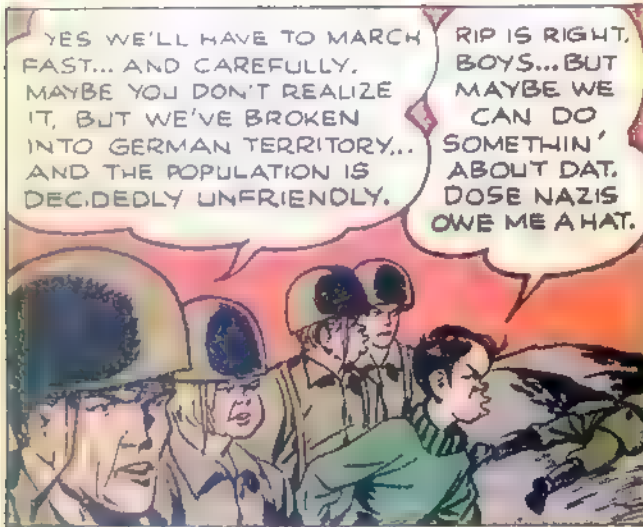
DEY SURE  
DIDNT EXPECT  
DIS!

ARGH...

NOW THE REST OF  
OUR MEN CAN CROSS  
AND GET OUT OF THE  
TRAP BEFORE THE  
NAZIS CAN SEAL THE  
BREAKTHROUGH.

H'AND NOW WE'D  
BETTER START  
MARCHING QUICK,  
BEFORE THE BLOOM-  
IN JERRES SUR-  
ROUND US AGAIN.







**UNEXPECTEDLY...**

VOT IS DER MEANING OF DIS? GENERAL VON RUMPEL ORDERED DOT DER ROADS BE LEFT CLEAR FOR MILITARY SUPPLIES... AND YOU BLOCK DEM MIT DESE CARTS.

VELL, DER FACT IS...

AND DESE CHILDREN... VOT DO DEY DO HERE?

BUT DEY ARE REGULAR SOLDIERS... MEMBERS OF DER VOLKSTURM.

FOOL, VE HAVE NO VOLKSTURM IN DIS DIVISION. YOU HAVE REPORTED TO DER WRONG PLACE. FOR YOUR STUPIDITY, I PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST...

THAT'S ENOUGH TALKING. COME ON, BOYS... UP AND AT 'EM!

YIII..!

SOCK!

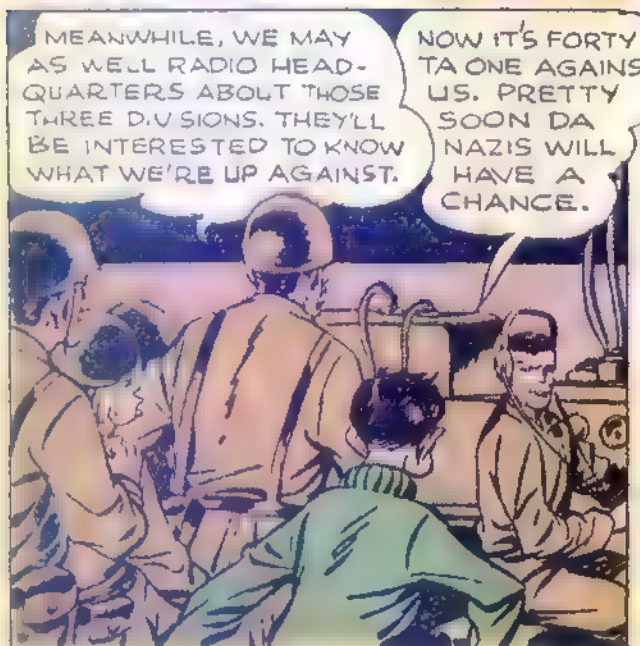
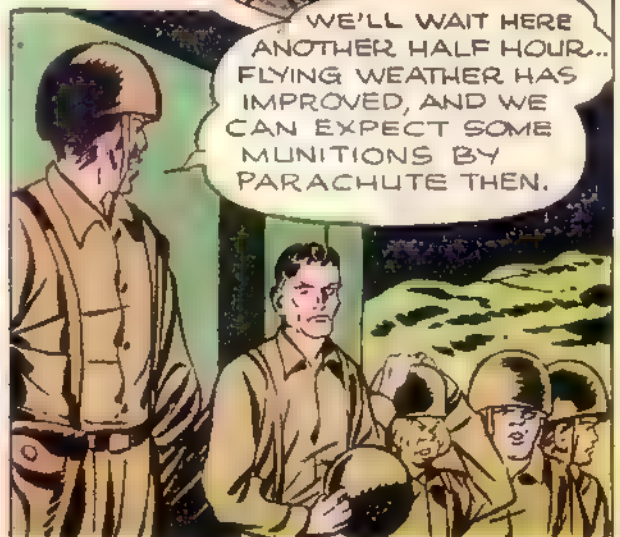
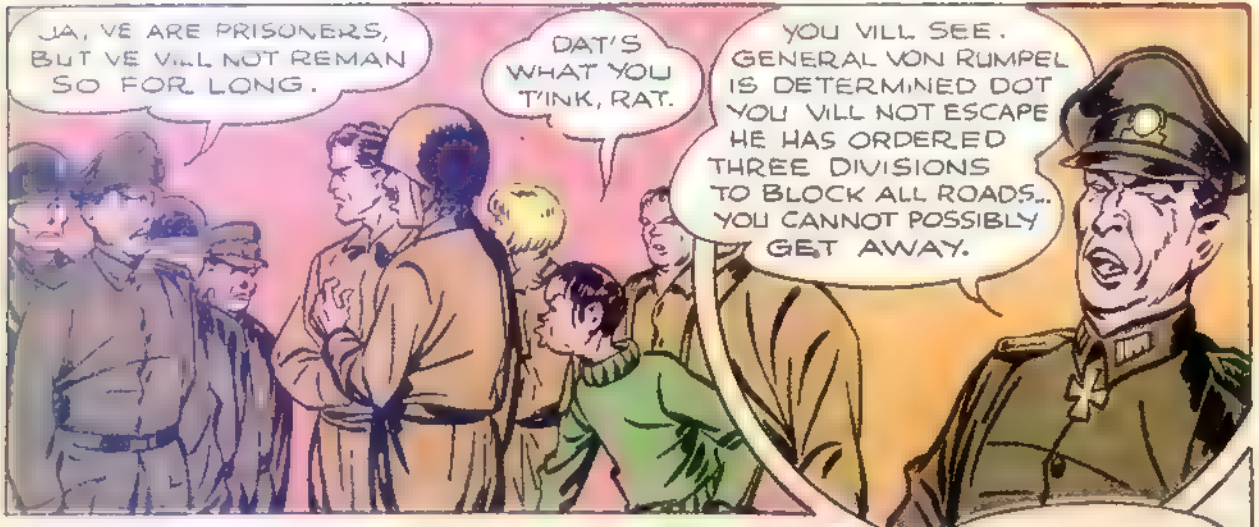
DIS IS WHAT YOU GET FER TRYIN' TA CRAB OUR ACT, RATZI!

KAMERAD!

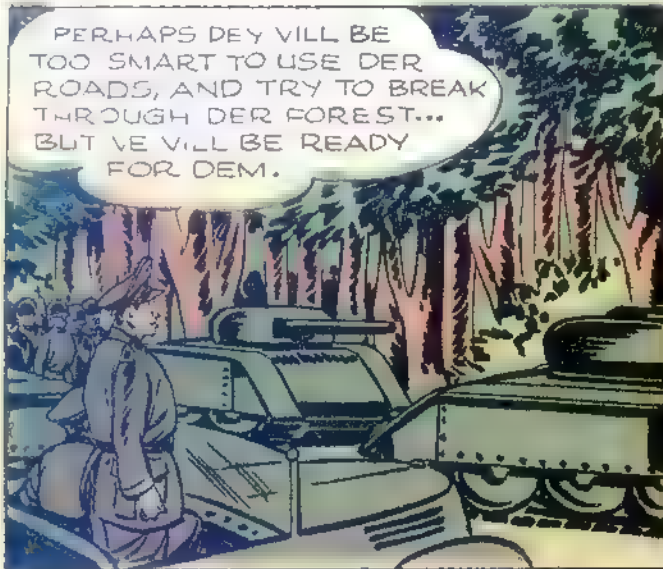
**AND PRESENTLY...**

HERE YOU ARE, MAJOR... SUPPLIES FURNISHED BY THE NAZIS THEMSELVES, AND SOME PRISONERS FOR QUESTIONING.









PERHAPS DEY VILL BE TOO SMART TO USE DER ROADS, AND TRY TO BREAK THROUGH DER FOREST... BUT VE VILL BE READY FOR DEM.



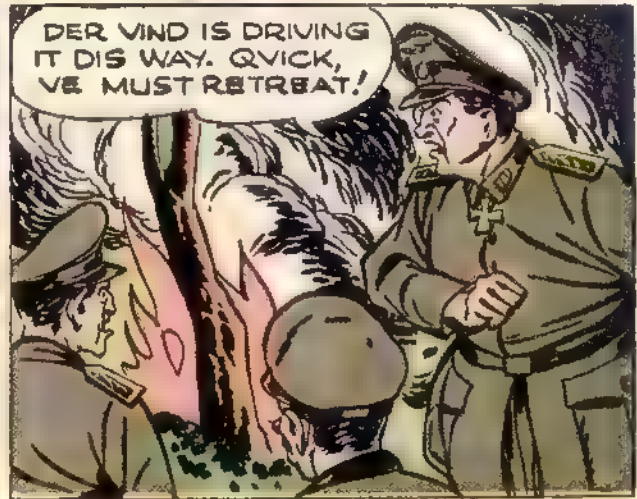
DIS IS OUR OWN COUNTRY AND VE KNOW EFFERY INCH OF IT. HERE DEY VILL WALK INTO AN AMBUSH.



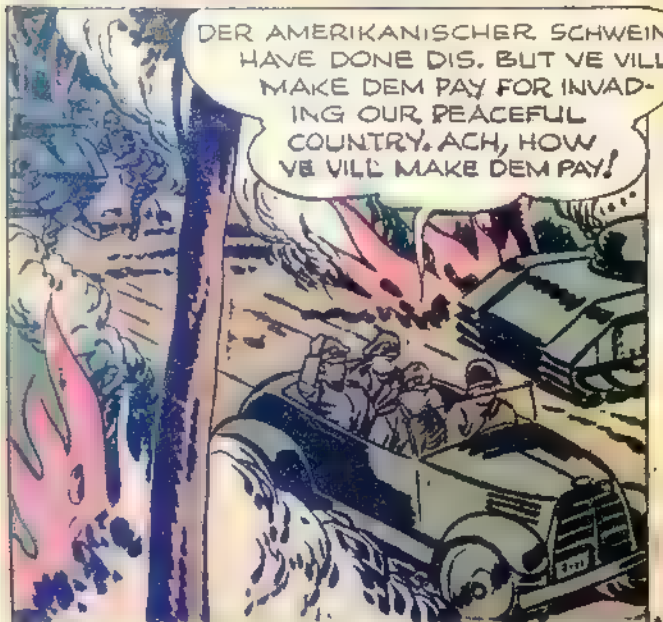
Suddenly...

HERR GENERAL, LOOK, A FIRE!

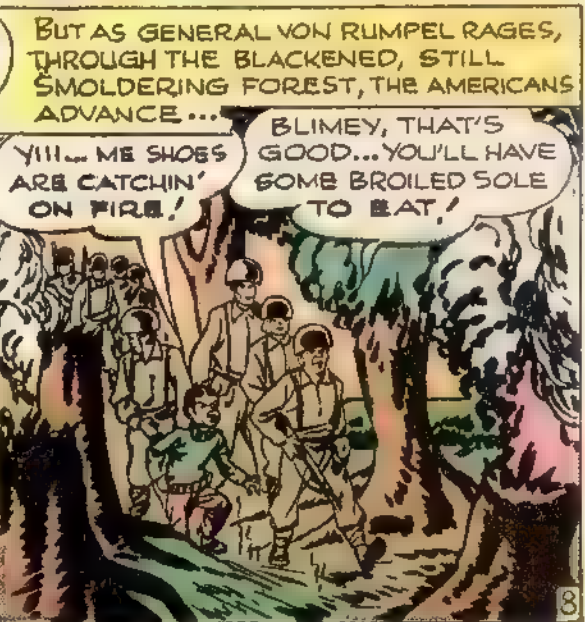
HLUH...?



DER VIND IS DRIVING IT DIS WAY. QUICK, VE MUST RETREAT!



DER AMERIKANISCHER SCHWEIN HAVE DONE DIS. BUT VE VILL MAKE DEM PAY FOR INVADING OUR PEACEFUL COUNTRY. ACH, HOW VE VILL MAKE DEM PAY!

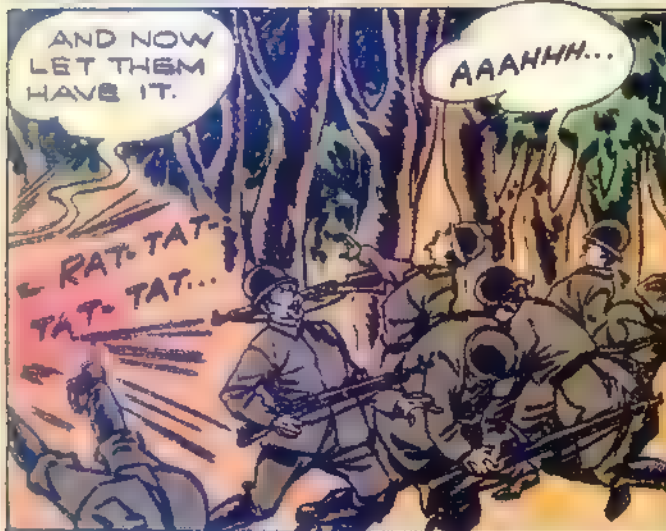
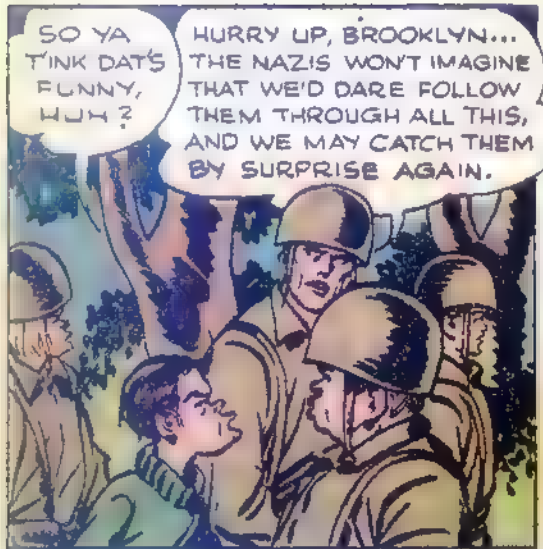


BUT AS GENERAL VON RUMPEL RAGES, THROUGH THE BLACKENED, STILL SMOLDERING FOREST, THE AMERICANS ADVANCE...

YIII... ME SHOES ARE CATCHIN' ON FIRE!

BLIMEY, THAT'S GOOD... YOU'LL HAVE SOME BROILED SOLE TO EAT!









ALSO AN ARTILLERY BRIGADE, AND TWO MORE INFANTRY DIVISIONS. IF DEY GET AWAY NOW, IT VILL HAVE A TERRIBLE EFFECT ON MORALE. IT MUST NOT HAPPEN.

JA, HERR GENERAL ... I MEAN, OF COURSE NOT, HERR GENERAL.

BUT AS A STREAM OF NAZI TANKS RUMBLES AHEAD... NICE TARGET THE MAJOR RADIOED US ABOUT.

**BOOM!**

**BOOM!**

AH, I THOUGHT THEY'D TURN TAIL WHEN OUR PLANES GOT AFTER THEM.

POOR VON RUMPEL! HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT WE'D BE HELPLESS AGAINST HIS TANKS. JUST SHOWS WHAT COOPERATION BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT BRANCHES OF THE SERVICE CAN DO.

AND NOW, MEN, THAT THE ENEMY IS DISORGANIZED, WE'RE GOING TO SPLIT UP AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FACT THAT WE'RE BEHIND HIS LINES. WE'LL MEET AGAIN AT NIGHT-FALL... MEANWHILE WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE AT TOP SPEED.

MORE DETAILED ORDERS FOLLOW, AND SOON...

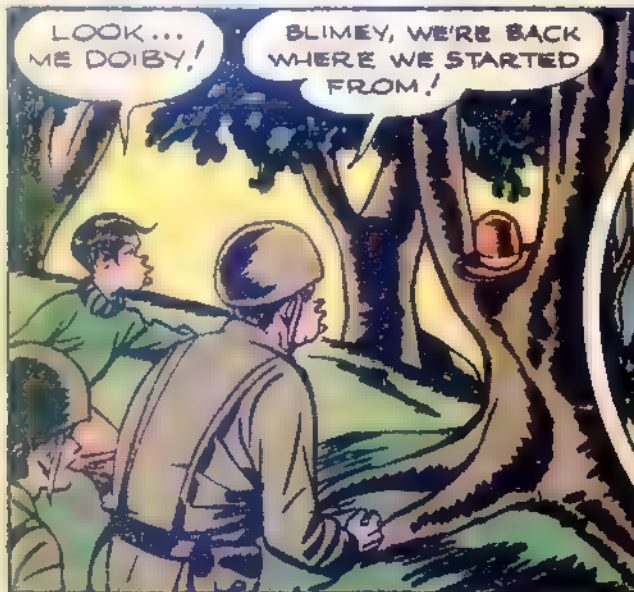
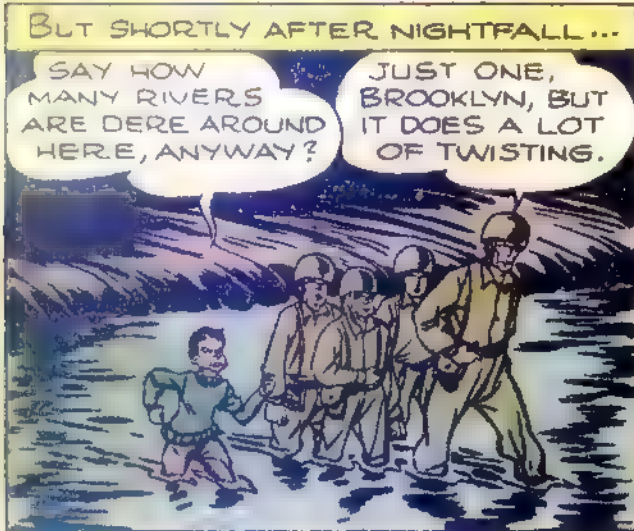
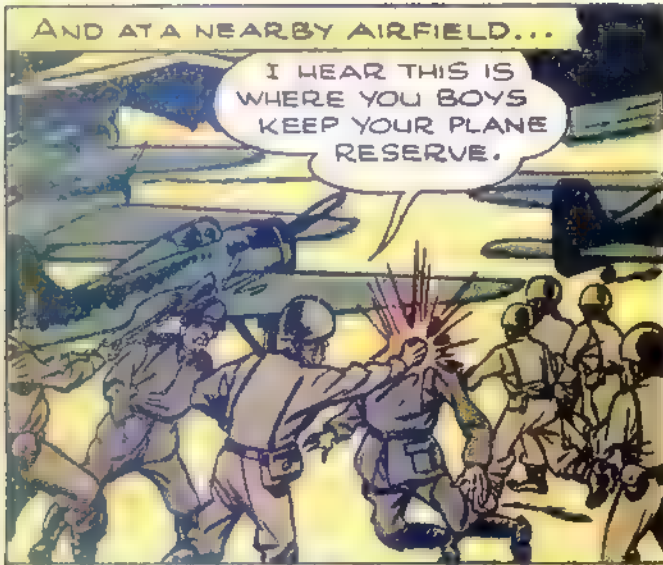
DAT'S ONE BRIDGE DA RATZIS 'WONT GET NO USE OUTTA WHEN DEY TRY TA BRING UP TROOPS.

**BANG!**

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY...

**BOOM!**









BUT WITH A DIFFERENCE! HEAR THAT FIRING IN THE DISTANCE? THAT'S FROM AMERICAN GUNS. THERE'S A RELIEF EXPEDITION COMING FOR US.



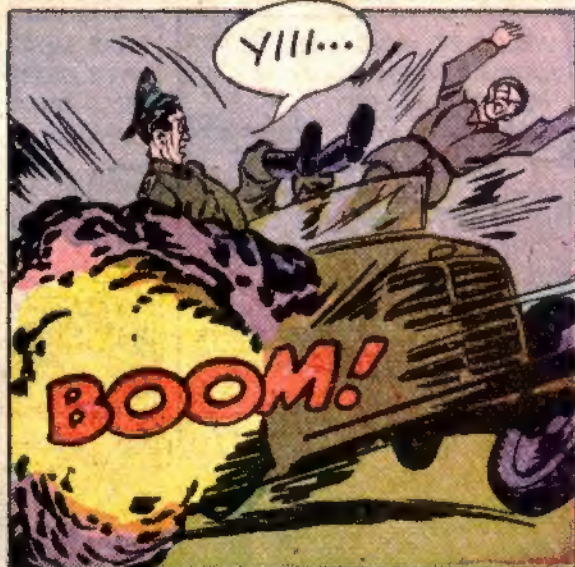
AND WITH THEIR HELP, WE'LL CATCH THE NAZIS BETWEEN US FROM BOTH SIDES.



FASTER, DUMKOPF! DEY ARE CLOSING IN ON US.

GENERAL VON RUMPEL HIMSELF! WHO'S GOT A GRENADE?

DON'T WORRY RIP... DI'S ONE'S ON ME!



YIII...



LATER...

YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL ALL GET MEDALS FOR THIS, MAJOR. YOUR EXPEDITION IN NAZI TERRITORY DREW OFF ENOUGH RESERVES TO LET US CRASH THROUGH THE LINES.

THANKS, GENERAL. I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, THOUGH, THAT VON RUMPEL COOPERATED WITH US.

BAH, YOU AMERICANS DO NOT KNOW HOW TO FIGHT. YOU BREAK ALL DER RULES.



A GOOD THING WE DON'T READ NAZI RULE BOOKS. HOW DID YOU BOYS CAPTURE HIM, ANYWAY?

IT WAS SIMPLE, GENERAL. HE HAD US SURROUNDED...

SO WHAT ELSE COULD WE DO BUT MAKE HIM A PRISONER?



# VOLTO

## FROM MARS

VOLTO'S WEIRD MAGNETIC POWERS PROTECT A MERCHANTMAN IN SUB-INFESTED SEAS...

THIS TRIP MUST SEEM PRETTY PULL TO A MAN FROM MARS!

ON THE CONTRARY, I'M LEARNING EVERY MINUTE! TELL ME, WHAT IS THAT STREAK...

A TORPEDO! WE'LL NEVER DODGE THIS...

WE DON'T HAVE TO... WATCH! WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO' MY LEFT ARM REPELS! SEE?

WELL, I'LL BE...

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN FIRED BY A JAP SUB!

IT WAS, EH? I'LL TEACH 'EM! WATCH THIS CLOSELY!

WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO' MY RIGHT ARM ATTRACTS!

GET HER, MEN!

MAGNIFICENT, VOLTO! BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT?

ALL PEOPLE FROM MARS HAVE THAT POWER, CAPTAIN!

CODE 1945 GENERAL FOODS CORP.

AND THEY RE-CHARGE THAT MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREALS! HAVE YOU ANY ABOARD?

YOU BET! THE BEST-TASTING THERE IS! GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES! WOULDN'T SAIL WITHOUT 'EM!

WELL, LET'S GO!

YOU MAY NOT GET VOLTO'S MAGNETIC POWER FROM GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES... BUT THEY SURE HELP GIVE YOU A DYNAMO-DRIVE IN THE MORNING! GET GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES TODAY! THEY'RE DEE-LICIOUS!



eyes was enough to convince Quintesa Doba there was more to the Parker case than met the eye. But he gave no hint of this as he gravely shook hands, explained that he was in the market for a ranch. "So many cattle have I in Ensenada," he said, "that I must bring them up here. I come to see a man named Parker and find he is dead. His widow says you are going to buy the ranch. I will buy it from you."

For a long moment, Michaels' eyes bored into Quintesa Doba's face. But there was nothing but blandness to be seen. Then, Michaels said: "That ranch is not for sale." He smiled. "I have personal attachment for it. However, I have other ranches in which you might be interested, Senor Diaz."

Quintesa was a consummate actor. He played his part well and as he did his eyes assayed the banker. "Crook," Quintesa Doba said to himself. "He is a crook." But his lips made the appointment for the morrow to look at the other ranches. By then, he vowed inwardly, he would know the reason for Michaels' reluctance to sell the Parker place.

Getting into the bank that night was easy. But it was midnight before Quintesa Doba, rifling the banker's desk, found the reason he had been seeking. It was in a letter from the East. Quintesa Doba whistled. "So that is it," he murmured. "The old thief."

The railroad was willing to pay a fabulous price for a new right of way! An Eastern railroad, already planning to branch through Arizona.

Smiling, Quintesa Doba replaced the papers carefully and stole out of the bank. He headed for the Parker ranch, and, unknown to Eloise Parker, tossing restlessly in her sleep, lay awake under the stars and thought. It was when he thought of Carmelita that he received his inspiration.

Smugly, he presented himself next morning at the Parker ranch house. And no amount of questioning by Eloise Parker could elicit from him the reason for wanting Al's shotgun, and some of the gold jewelry. "I am going to the

mine," he said. "You must trust me."

"I do," she smiled. And again he fancied he caught a resemblance to someone he knew. Troubled, he departed for the mine.

It was as folly-filled as it had always been, Quintesa Doba saw, as he stood there, shotgun in hand. An absolutely worthless piece of property. But now, it was worth its weight in gold. He smiled happily as he raised the shotgun and fired into the rock. Then he carefully placed dirt over the shattered shards and went away. The trap for Banker Michaels had been set. It remained only for the wily financier to rise to the bait.

And that he did nobly, an hour later, when Quintesa spoke of the mine casually saying: "I have always been interested in American mines." He could almost see the cupidity in Banker Michael's eyes, seemed to hear him say, "Here's a sucker. I'll sell him the worthless mine."

But, almost off-handedly, Michaels said: "Parker never stuck to a thing long. I wouldn't be surprised if the mine were worth something." He added, expansively: "I'd be willing to give you a bargain on it, as I'm taking it over along with the ranch."

"Liar," Quintesa grunted to himself. Then, aloud: "I would like to see it."

Using a brand for illumination, they entered the mine. Quintesa Doba didn't once overplay his hand—even when he pretended to slip and the rowels of his spurs clanged against the rock, dislodging some dirt. Quintesa carefully brushed it off his clothes. Then he smiled as he saw Banker Michael open astonished eyes, furtively grab some gold-flecked dirt, and stick it in his pocket. The fish had risen to the bait!

An hour later, an astonished Eloise Parker was in full possession of the deed to her house, in exchange for a worthless mine.

"But I cannot understand why he wants the mine, Senor Diaz," Eloise Parker said, as Quintesa prepared to bid her farewell.

Quintesa Doba smiled, handed her Al's shotgun. His tone was apologetic. "I am sorry about your

gold jewelry."

"My jewelry? But what has my jewelry to . . ." Her eyes widened as Quintesa took the shotgun from her again and broke it open. Two shell cases rolled out.

"You see," Quintesa said, "I used an old trick on the thieving banker, who did not tell you the railroad wishes to pay a fabulous price for your right of way. I simply put the gold in with the powder in these shells, then fired into the worthless mine." He grinned engagingly. "It is an old trick, Senora, called 'salting a mine.' Those flecks of gold in the dirt, which excited Michaels so, were merely your jewelry." He shook his head. "That mine will always be as worthless as the banker."

It took her a moment to understand, and when she did, she joined Quintesa Doba in hearty laughter. "You're almost like a fabulous man my brother is always writing me about," she said. "This man is a Mexican, too, named Quintesa Doba."

Quintesa stiffened. "You know about this Quintesa Doba?"

"Of course," she said. "My brother has been chasing him for years. Perhaps you know him—United States Marshal Ford? I'm expecting him here on a visit. It's too bad you won't be here when he arrives. I'd so like you two to know each other."

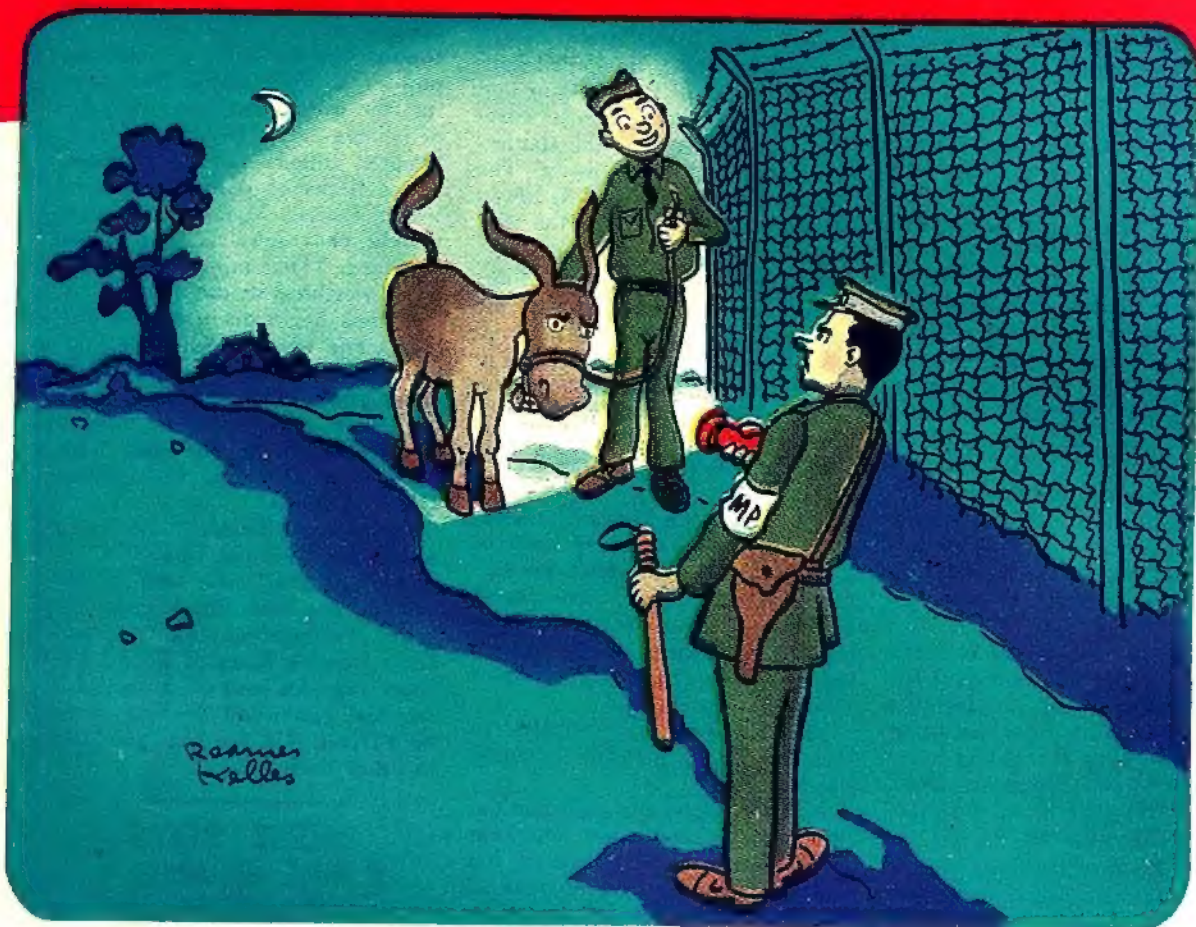
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